THE SATURDAY BULLETIN.

Combining, with the News of the Week, a rich Variety of Fashion, Humor, and the interesting Incidents of Real Life.

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SQUIRE GABLE'S MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

You brownish now, you goot man dare,
Yat stand upon de floor,
To hab dish woman for your wife,
And hab her sheemore;

To feed her vell wid sourcrout,
Peans, buttermilk, and cheese;
And in all tings to lend your aid,
Dat vill promote her ease.

Yes, and you woman standin dare,
Do bledge your word, dish tay,
Dat you will take yor lazy husband,
Dis man, ant him obey;

But you will ped and peard mit him,
Wash, iron, ant mend his cloas;
Laugh when he shmiles, vep when he sighs,
Dus share his choys and woes.

Vell, den, I now, vid-in dese walls,
Yit joy and not vit grief,
Bromanse you both to be von mint,
Von name, von man, von hoof;

I pooblish now, dese sacred bants,
Dase matrimonial ties,
I dore mine vife (Get, Kate, and Poll,
Ant all dose gasing eyes.

Ant, as de sacred scripture say,
Vot Got unites togedder,
Let no man dare asunder put,
Let no man dare tem sever.

Ant heitschroon dare, here you stop,
I'll not be go your collar,
Vefore you answer such a ting,
Dat ish:—*Vere ish mine dollar!*

WHAT I HATE.

I hate the to-ith ache, when with maddening jumps,
Like torrent wild, it raves among the stumps,
I hate the whole dire catalogue of aches,
Dactampsers, fevers hot, and ague shakes.

I hate mad dogs, mad bulls, mad asses, fees and bags,
Tax parties, wild cats, toads, and whiskey jugs,
Hard times, bad roads, stale fish, and broken banks,
Stale news, cold soup, tight purse, and lawyers' thanks.

I hate long stories and short sets of corn,
A dusty farm house, and a shabby barn;
More cum than pigs, no books, but many guns,
Sore toes, tight boots, old debts, and paper duns.

I hate tight lacing, and loose conversation;
A bundant gab, and little information;
The fool who sings in bed, and snores in meeting,
Who laughs while talking, and who talks while eating.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE GOOD WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

By Mary Howitt.

Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?
As hears a town as any;
It must have cradled good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many.
Should it e'er wooing time again do,
I'faith, in Weinsberg will I woo!

The Emperor Conrad, on a time,
In wrath the town was battering,
And hear it lay his warriors grime,
And sturdy horsemen clattering;
And, with fierce firing, rods and ran
All round about it horse and man.

At him the little town withstood,
Though every thing it wanted,
So did he swear in vengeful mood
No should be granted;
And thus the herald spake:—"Thu know,
I'll hang you, rascals, in a row!"

When in the town was heard this threat,
It caused a great dejection,
And every neighbor bee met
With mournful interjection:
Though bread was very dear in price,
Yet dearer still was good advice.

"Ah wo for me, most wretched man!
Great wo the siege has won us!"
They cried, and every priest began
"The Lord have mercy on us!"
"Oh, wo, wo, wo!" on all sides changed;
"We feel e'en now as good as hanged!"

When in despair wise men will sit,
In spite of council-masters,
How oft has saved them woman's wit
From manifold disasters!
Since woman's wit, as all men know,
Is subtler than aught else below.

There was a wife to her good man
But yesterday united,
And she a wise scheme hit upon,
Which the whole town delighted,
And made them all so full of gies
They laughed and chattered tiresously.

Then, at the hour of midnight damp,
Of wives a deputation
Went out to the Besiegers' camp,
Praying for capitulation;
So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed!
And for these terms their prayer was made:

"That all the wives might be allowed
Their jewels forth to carry;
What else remained the warriors proud
Might rire, and hang, and harry."
To this the emperor swore consent,
And back the deputation went.

Thereon, as soon as morn was spied,
What happened? Give good hearing!
The neatest gate was opened wide,
And out each wife came, bearing—
True as I live!—all pick-a-pack,
Her worthy husband in a sack!

Then a murmur in great wrath,
The good wives would have routed;
But Conrad spake; "My kingly faith
May not be false or doubted!
Ha! have I?" cried he, as he by came;
"Think you our wives would do the same?"

Then gave he pardon and a feast,
Those gentle ones to pleasure;
And master-wit-in-1 joy increased
And dancing without measure;
As did the mayoress waltzing twirl,
So did the beeom-binding girl.

Ay, tell me now where Weinsberg lies,
As brave a town as any,
And cradled has it good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many:
If wooing e'er I have to do,
"Faith! one of Weinsberg will I woo!

From Fraser's London Magazine.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

It is not for friends I am leaving,
Nor is it for luxury flown,
'Tis not for my home I am grieving,
Since that is a desolate one:
The wind and the wave of the ocean
Shall find me a harbor more fair,
And treasurous hope be a potion
To lull every thought of despair.

A welcome some new friend may give me
As cordial as here I can find;
E'en cruelty cannot deprive me
Of thoughts ever near to my mind:
At evening, when slumber comes o'er me,
When lapped in Morpheus' mantle of sleep,
The forms of the dead rise before me,
And people the visions of sleep:

The grave will surrender its treasures,
The present the past will unfold;
Again I participate pleasures,
Though fancied, as bright as of old;
Again I am caught to the bosom,—
I feel the warm lip on my brow;
Again is revived every blossom
That flourished and withered but now!

The hand of a father I'm pressing,—
How thrilleth a mother's fond kiss!—
My sisters are round me caressing,—
O, mockery cannot be this!
The days of my childhood are beaming
With hints that renew every joy,
The mind of my manhood is teeming
With the gay happy thoughts of a boy.

But daylight must break on my slumber,
My dreams too must vanish at morn;
Ah, slowly those hours I number,
Till sleep shall, in mercy, return,
With power to chase even sorrow,
To summon thoughts beauteous as brief;
From the book of the past I may borrow
One holy and comforting leaf.

The dolphin's asleep on the billow,
The sea-bird hath flown to its nest,
The mariner bends to his pillow,
The blue boundless wave is at rest;
The shadows in silence keep sorrow,
To bury the far western light;
Now man to his Maker is kneeling,—
O, welcome the dream of to-night!

SELECT TALES.

THE PORTRAIT, A SKETCH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Yes; at last I was fairly in love! and with what? A portrait!—but such a one! The exhibition had only just opened; I had gone to see it on the third day, and scarcely had I advanced a dozen paces into the grand room, when I felt myself completely rivetted to the spot.

"What's the matter?" inquired Armstrong.

I heard him, but felt as if the faculties of speech were suspended. He repeated the question, but to no purpose.

"Are you dreaming?" at length he exclaimed—"what's the matter?"

"Do you know the original of that portrait?" inquired I.

"No."

"Look at the number of the book. Well, what says it?"

"Portrait of a young lady by E. F."

"And who is E. F.?"

"I know not."

"A plague upon all initials," exclaimed I; "I would give the whole world to know the name of the artist."

"I'll try if cannot find him out for you, my boy," rejoined the most obliging, kind hearted fellow in Dublin.

"Oh! there are tones and looks that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought!
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And waited long, had never felt
Sparkled and spoke before as then!"

repeated I to myself, as I stood gazing upon the voiceless picture!

"Twas a full length—a front view, in the attitude of advancing—a maid of auburn tresses; the complexion fair; the eyes a deep blue; the lips—carnations—slightly apart, as though the sweet breath was issuing through them; the bosom distately full, veiled by a kerchief of gauze, all but one spot of dazzling whiteness; the waist tapering to the critical point, beyond which flowed a graceful train of leaves and tendrils, from the zone of which the lines of the lower part of the figure flowed outwards and downwards in a curve of noble richness; and an ankle and an instep like the rest—symmetry! The arms—which are here from something more than half way above the elbows—were beautiful; her right hand was covered with a glove, and held another, leaving her left one the voucher of a virgin palm! No ring was there on the finger.

"'Tis time to be going," said Armstrong, slapping me on the shoulder; "the exhibition always clears at four."

Three hours had I been poring upon it!—Four!" exclaimed I.

"It wants but ten minutes of it."

"And have you found out the artist."

"No."

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Not a day did I miss the exhibition. As soon as I entered the room, I took my seat before the portrait, and there I remained till every one else had gone. No doubt I was the object of frequent remark. I often heard a whispering near me. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of a smile, suddenly suppressed. On one occasion I seemed to give no small umbrage to a gentleman who stood in front of me. A lady was leaning on his arm. I heard a sigh so deep, that, in spite of my absorption it attracted my notice. I withdrew my eyes from the portrait, and they fell on the lady, who was in the act of turning away; but I encountered the gaze of her companion, whose countenance betrayed an expression of the most indignant scorn and resentment, so strong that my own began to lour, and I was on the point of starting from my chair, when he looked another way and conducted his companion to the opposite side of the room. She wore a cloak, and was veiled. I was surprised at the incident. I never after entered the exhibition without looking about for the gentleman and his fair friend, but I never met them there again.

* * * * * * * *

"Hang the exhibition!" exclaimed Armstrong; "you shall come and take a lounge with me this morning."

I was on the point of walking in, when he thrust his arm through mine, and took me by main force along with him.

"That woman has a figure!" cried he.

I listened but noted not the object of remark. My eyes were in the clouds.

"Her waist," continued he, "is as natural as her neck—which she carries so well. She does'nt squeeze it. There is too much pliancy there for much constraint."

We were walking in Sackville street, which, from noon till dinner time, may be called the Mall of Dublin.

"The fall of the shoulders," added he, "is the most graceful imaginable! Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied I; poring upon the figure in the exhibition room.

"So much for her back," resumed Armstrong. "We have not seen her face yet, but the pleasure is at hand. She'll be sure to turn at the end of the street. Depend upon it, she and her fair friend have not put on their bonnets and shawls for nothing but a walk to Rotunda and back again. Slacken your pace," continued he. "Now for it. Has a well turned ankle never played you a trick? For once that I have been obliged to one for a handsome face, I may reckon fifty introductions to a homely one. Now for it, my lad! Right about, wheel. By Jupiter, she is a perfect angel!"

I mechanically raised my eyes. There was the portrait in living flesh and blood before me! Our eyes met—I stopped short—she hesitated too—colored—and the next moment she and her companion passed on. We followed.

How my heart beat! Its agitation became almost insupportable as we drew near the other end of the street, where I knew the fair lady would stop. They slackened their pace. Kind fortune!—

"Are you ready?" exclaimed a voice.

They stopped—a gentleman had accosted them out of a barouche, that had drawn up to the side of the flags. 'Twas the identical individual, the peculiarity of whose deportment had struck me in the exhibition room. He sprung out of the carriage, handed the fair partner into it, and stepping in after them, they drove off.

"Whither are you going madman!" exclaimed Armstrong.

"To follow them!" replied I, scarce conscious of what I did.

"Follow your dinner!" rejoined he; or rather wait upon it. You are engaged at six o'clock, and have to go home, dress, and be at Kingston in that ample space of time. Come," continued he; "a it tumbling into love you are also! And do you think there is but one beautiful woman in Dublin!"

"But one in the world!" exclaimed I.

"Then, by my conscience," rejoined he, "there is no place in the world like Dublin."

I went home, dressed, and drove in a car to Kingston. A joyous party—but nothing could get me out of Sackville street. I was abstracted, restless, impatient of the restraint of company; anxious to be gone without knowing whither to go. The evening had scarcely commenced when I stole away. I hastened home, and flung myself into bed; and, in bed, I was still in Sackville street.

Sackville street—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—every day in the week; but not a glimpse of the living portrait.

"Hang you!" exclaimed Armstrong, planting himself right before me, half an hour before I had commenced another week's promenade. "I never saw such a fool, when you take a fancy into your head! I want a pair of gloves—step with me into Grafton street."

I had to go, and to Grafton street the incorrigible Armstrong literally dragged me.

"This is the shop," cried he, fluttering one upon the right hand, "and by the powers! there stands your Venus herself, fitting her fair hand! Up to her, my Mars!" whispered he.

There stood indeed, the incomparable original of the portrait—her female companion along with her. She had been choosing some gloves from several parcels, which lay open upon the counter. She had just taken up a pair—one of which she was about to try on. It fitted her.

"This will do," remarked she to the mistress of the shop. "I shall take half a dozen pair, and send three dozen of different sizes after me."

The gloves were white. Just then our eyes encountered. Her face in a moment became crimson, and then all at once turned to a deadly pale: she seemed gasping, as it were, for breath. She was ill, and I sprang forward, and caught her as I thought she was about to drop. She looked in my face as life completely returned; gently, and without any expression of displeasure, disengaged herself, and snatching the arm of her friend; "Come," said she, hewing a sigh that sounded me of the one I had heard in the Exhibition room.

My heart was in a tumult. The look of her male companion—the sigh—the blush—the blush again—the strangeness of its sudden vanishing—and then the sigh again! what was I to conclude! They had scarcely got out into the street, when I followed after them.

They proceeded up Grafton street into Stephen's Green. I kept about a half a dozen yards behind them. They took the right hand side of the square, and in crossing the end of Cuffe street, passed one of those semi-gentlemen, whose only occupation is idleness, and who instantly followed them keeping between them and me. He drew nearer—I saw what he was about—and scarcely had he touched the fair creature when I collared him. I had caught a Tartar! He was accomplished at the art, in which I had never felt myself to be an excel. I let him go, thinking I had a gentleman to deal with, and scarcely was he at liberty when I was stretched, in a state of insensibility upon the street.

When I came to myself, the first thing of which I was sensible was the pressure of a hand upon my temples. I looked up. It was her's—she was bending them. The sight of her recalled at once the full possession of my faculties. I looked around and saw we were alone. I sprung from a couch upon which I had been placed, and in following myself the fair creature's feet, poured forth the passion of my soul in a strain of vehement eloquence of which before that moment I had never been master. She listened to me without lifting her eyes till I was silent. Then slowly raising them she fixed them upon me with an expression that pierced me to the soul and gave me indescribable anguish.

"The designs of Providence are inscrutable," said she with an ether deep drawn sigh. "I know not to what it has destined me! Forget me, Sir!—Forget me! Would to heaven—"

"I can wait no longer!" said her friend looking in to the parlor.

She started upon her feet—for she had been sitting—and hastily moved a step or two towards the door. I as hastily followed her, catching her by the hand to detain her.—"Would to Heaven what!" I passionately exclaimed.

"That I had never seen you," was her reply, and by a sudden effort she withdrew the hand which I was holding.

"Follow me not," added she, "Attempt not to detain me."

Her hand was upon the lock of the door. She paused—looked at me till her eyes seemed to strain again—raised her right hand to her lips. I waited not to allow her to complete the action which I anticipated—I sprung towards her—she vanished, closing the door after her; in the act of re-opening which, I heard the hall door shut; I followed; and tried to open it. In my terror, I could not find the way. It was presently opened from without, and the servant entered, followed by a person whom I concluded to be her master, and who opposed my egress. An explanation ensued. He was a medical gentleman, and not the servant brought. She had been alone in the house, immediately opposite where I had been knocked down and witnessed the transaction—and readily suffered me to be brought in, attended by the lovely being in whose cause I had suffered. I hastily recompensed each and sallied forth, but all trace of the dear unknown was lost. It totally escaped my recollection at the time, that by applying at the glove shop, I could get a clue to her.

I rose the next morning in a state of bodily, as well as mental fever, and wandered through the streets as chance directed me. In turning a corner, I came right against somebody.

"Bless!" cried Armstrong, "Are you walking in your sleep? Rouse you, my merry man. Heavens!" he exclaimed, when I looked at him, "what the mischief is the matter with you?"

I unburthened my heart to him, as we walked together. As we were passing St. Thomas's, a friend of his issued from the church, apparently in a state of considerable agitation.

"What's the matter with you!" exclaimed Armstrong.

"A murder is doing in that church!"

"A murder!"

"Yes; they are sacrificing a young heart to Pluto. I know the parties. The story is told in three words. It is the daughter of an English gentleman of reduced circumstances. She has taken the fancy of a young man of fortune, who has just returned from his travels. Her heart was disengaged, and her parents prevailed upon her to accept him. She runs the current which has been wring from her. They have brought her to church—for this half hour have they been trying to prevail upon her to allow the ceremony to proceed. I never saw such a scene. How they can stand it, I know not; but for my part it was too much for me, and I was obliged to come away."

The truth flashed across me, I broke from Armstrong, and rushed into the church. It was she! I met them bearing her fainting from the altar, supported by the man whose power I had exhibited in the exhibition room. The knot had been tied! As they passed by me I stood like an idiot—I spoke not—moved not—they went out of the church—all power of reflection or action seemed to have deserted me. I mechanically submitted to the guidance of Armstrong, who with his friend conducted me home.

"Come," cried he, instantly starting up after I had sat, as Armstrong had assured me, for upwards of two hours without speaking—"Come, I shall embark tonight for England!"

He did not attempt to dissuade me. "I shall accompany you my lad," said he.

We had but few arrangements to make. Nevertheless, when we arrived at Kingston, we were too late for the steam boat, she had sailed half an hour before.

"What shall we do?" said Armstrong.

"Take to our quarters here till to-morrow evening," replied I. "I shall not set foot in Dublin again."

"Content!" rejoined Armstrong.

It came on a dreadful night—wind, rain, and thunder. 'Twas a relief to the chaos of my heart—the tempest was in unison with it. I watched an opportunity, and stealing out went down to the beach. The night was terrifically grand. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but one undulating, heaving sheet of foam. You could scarcely hear the thunder for the breakers. I discerned a party at a distance, busy about something. I approached them. A vessel was in the offing on the bar, and they were about to launch the life boat, they had almost accomplished their purpose, when one of the crew was struck down and stunned—they could not tell with what. Obeying an impulse, for which I could not account, but which probably owed its origin to an utter recklessness of life, I made a rush and sprung into the boat—"I can pull an oar my lads!" I exclaimed—"Lay too, and tug away!"

As we neared the ship, we saw that the crew had taken to the boat which was pulling from her. We hailed it. Our cry was unavered. It disappeared—we hailed it again—no answer. Could it possibly be? We were now along side of the wreck. Upon the poop, the only part above water, stood two individuals,—we took them off, and then made back and reached the shore.

It was a man and woman whom we had rescued.—We conveyed them to the inn—the female was consigned to the charge of the landlady. Armstrong and I undertook to attend to her companion, whom we soon equipped with dry clothes, and prevailed upon him to take a seat at our board, which was already spread for supper.

He was a Portuguese, but spoke English with considerable fluency.

"Many a time, Sir, said he, have I cursed your country, but now I bless it."

"Cursed it!" echoed Armstrong.

"Yes Sir, I'll not deny it—nor need I. That girl whom you have saved from a watery grave is my sister; death perhaps would have been a blessing to us both—Yet it certainly is a very appalling thing when it comes."

We wished for an explanation of this, but from delicacy were silent. It came, however of its own accord. A foreigner had fallen in love with her—married her—and soon after discovered—They were in pursuit, and had got a clue to him in this country.

Scarcely was it finished when the landlady abruptly entered the room—

"Gentlemen," said she, "what in the world is to be done!"

"My sister!" exclaimed the young man, starting from his seat.

"Your sister is safe, Sir, and sound asleep, but there is another in the house, who would give all she is mistress of to be the occupant of her bed."

At this moment we heard a shriek. It came from the room below. We all rushed down staire—I was foremost, and I burst open the door of the apartment. What were my emotions at beholding the mistress of my heart—the fainting bride of the morning, on her knees before the man who had espoused her. He was holding her. At sight of me she sprung upon her feet and rushed into my arms.

"I will not be his wife!" she exclaimed," I have been forced to the altar—I knew not what I did. They deceived me into accompanying him—deserted me, and left me in his power. I will not be his wife!"

He stood pale and trembling with rage. We all remained motionless, looking now at him, and now at one another. At last the gentleman left the room, as if in search of something; they rested upon a trunk which lay upon one of the chairs—he approached it—opened it—took out a pair of pistols—cocked them, and approached me. At this moment the Portuguese rushed past me, and caught him by the throat.

"Villain!" exclaimed the Portuguese. The pistols fell to the floor. They knew each other.

Imagine the conclusion of the scene. Imagine the scene that followed it in a month after, when I saw the Portrait in my own room—and the Original at my side—my willing wife!

N. Y. Times.

A TRAGIC TALE, TOLD TO A "T."

Two tired travellers tried to trace their track through the tangled thicket of Tewkabury; they took two or three turnings through the trees, but their toilings there tended to tantalize them thoroughly, by tempting them to traverse thoroughfares that transiently turned (they thought) towards the town, then the turf terminated treacherously in trackless thickets. Thus they toiled till twilight's fateful gloom tended to increase their tribulation, and to thwart their task; the taller traveller, a templar, turning to the tired trooper that trudgingly tended him, told him that 'twere better to trust themselves to a temporary tent—a truce, than to try the tedious and tormenting task of tenaciously toiling through tanglesome thickets. Tristram, the trooper, (thought thinking the templar's touch of torpor very tiresome) tacitly turned to take his horse, that trembled, thoroughly tollworn; suddenly tremendous thunder taxed their temerity, and terrific tempest threatened to terminate tragically their trials. The templar Theodore's timid steed, terrified at the tempestuous tumult, tore through tangled tracts and turfy turrents, the trained trooper horse of Tristram trying to trace the trample through the turmoil. Thus they passed the territory of trees, and the tortured 'emplar was thrown beneath a tower whence a twinkling taper threw a tremulous light through the tracery-window of a tall turret. Tristram's thundering "tattoo." summoned the timely aid of a train of torch-bearers; these took Theodore to the tower-hall, where his trance terminated to show him a transcendent beauty of twenty, timidly tending him, and telling her tirewomen their different tasks for treating the sufferer.

The tale of the lady Theresa recounted of a tiffany tunic tied with thread-gold tassels at the throat, a taffety turquoise colored train, a Turkish turban, and transparent tissue veil thrown back from the temples. Here tedious to try to transmit the tempting traits that transfixed the templar's transported gaze, as, with tremulous tongue, he tried to tell his thanks; timidly they turned from the tender tone, her turning, tenderly like tresses thrown aside, betraying the transient tint his tribute to this transcendant treasure had near that, tending even to her throbbing temples and well-turned throat.

Theodore, transported to the translated and tapestried throne-room, told to Theresa tales of the tent, the trumpet, the tilt and tournament; their terse array tending frequently to tenderer themes; and ten days (tedious to Tristram, transient to Theodore) transposed the troubling latter into tenderness for Theresa.

Then had the Thane, the tyrant of Tewkabury, kept the orphan Theresa in thrall, that timid girl tolerating the tutelage he had treacherously taken, through terror of his temper.

The time that the templar tarried at Tewkabury Tower, the absent Thane traversed his vast tract of territory, thinly tenanted through his thirst of thrift and tyrannic treatment to the tenants. Treacherously he tortured, he trusted not to Theresa. Thoroughly, but took the trouble to turn back to the tower, (transformed to a travelling trinket-seller,) tampering with the the tattling tire-women, she (tempted) told that the templar had trespassed over the tower threshold and triumphantly tarried there, talking with taste, talent, tact, and tenderness to the tempting "treasure of the turret." This tantalizing tale tormented the tyrant, who, throwing the traveller's travestie towards the terrified tire-women, trod the tower-hall, traced the time leaves to their interlaced turf terrace, and treacherously thrust his two-edged toledo at the templar, (then talking tranquilly to Theresa;) that tender girl transiently turning ere the threatened turpitude took effect, threw her large train towards Theodore, too late to transmute the terrible thoughts of the tyrant, whose thrust traversed the twain; and thus they tasted death together, a two-fold triumph to the terrific-tempered Theobald.

This triumph terminated tragically. Tristram, trenched behind thick trees, traced the Thane throughout this traitorous transaction, took aim twice, though terror took from the truth of the first, the shaft twisting into a tall tree:—twang! this time the truer dart translates the tyrant, terminating his turbulent thirdden. The tumultuous tones of two or three troopers on the turrets, made the trailsbaud throng towards the terrace to take Tristram to the torture; that trusty trooper turned taantingly to them, throwing his trencheon triumphantly towards the tardily-tamed tyrant,—just then the talismanic tone of thrilling trumpets told of timely aid, and twenty templar troopers turning round the tower.

This tragic tale terminates thus; because having already used every other kind of T, I could only describe the *battle* with "*Trumpender T*," which magically affects the nerves of my fair readers; so here is an end to the *Tease*.

MISCELLANY.

PHILOSOPHY AND COLOR.

"Ethiopia shall outstretch her arms."

We fear what we are going to relate will be deemed merely fictional, but assure our readers of its entire authenticity.

In the last lottery, Mr. J. R. Clark disposed of four capital prizes. Three of which were to people of colour—and the fourth to a poor Irish woman. Henry Cubs was the fortunate purchaser of the $20,000. The ticket he obtained by labor in washing the windows of Mr. Clark on credit for the balance. Cubs had a flame, in the kitchen of the same house, who shared with him. They, on buying the ticket, proceeded to a conjuror to ascertain what number they should take. "Give Dinah," said he, "you will be able to keep house when this ticket draw." The number was selected, and the prize drawn. Cubs was told of his good luck —"No, Massa Clark, you joke." Being convinced of his good fortune, he meerly said—Well, Massa, you do me justice,' and immediately turned to make a bargain for carrying home some plants which that day had been disposed of in the office, clattering with as much pertinacity as though nothing had occurred, and manifested a perfectly stoical indifference to the good fortune which had smiled upon him. 'Well, Cubs,' said Mr. Clark, 'now will you have the money?' 'Specie, Massa; me no like de safety fund since de Webs of Ginaiad Jackson.' 'Well Cubs, how will you have it?' 'Take it in my shoulders, Massa.' 'Why, Cubs, you can't carry it.' 'No, Massa Clark —gully! you gib me as much as I can lift! Eh,' said he, with a grin. 'Yes, Cubs, and thank you in the bargain.' At this moment in popd the confusers, and Cubs asked Massa Clark for gib her a hundred dollars. 'Dere,' said he, 'you richer now than I am.' In fact, Cubs believed that a hundred dollars was more than twenty thousand, even as the lisping child prefers the penny to the shining dollar.

Clem, who drew the $200, is host-black in a Hotel, and at present is engaged in making an addition to the building, but being rather short of the needful, was doubtful whether he could improve to the extent he intended, and contemplated. Clem called for his specie, stuffed his pockets with it, and entering the Hotel with a swaggering air, exclaimed—'War de boys?' addressing the bar-keeper, he said—'Massa Armstrong gib me dis money.' 'I can't Clem—you've had enough, and you are too impudent.' Clem indignantly threw down a half dollar—'I pay for it,' said he, and then, in a voice stentorian, demanded to know where his master was? Armstrong appeared, flushing with indignation. Clem grinned, took up one of his pockets, and knocking it on the counter, 'Dere, Massa,' said he, with the most consummate impudence of countenance, 'You go on wid de building now.'

What a striking contrast—Cubs with twenty thousand dollars, would not conceive himself rich, while Clem, with his two hundred, was the wealth of the world was his. How many parallels are to be found in every day life, which occur unheeded because not marked by circumstances inviting and extraordinary. Clem blacks his boots as cheerfully as ever, and Cubs attends to the fires and the sweeping of the office, with his accustomed 'pleased alacrity.' We know not whether the league of the conjuror with certain nameless gentleman precluded her buying the lucky number designated, but she was assuredly nowise the richer for it. Mark Pitcher, who when applied to for information of the fortunate ticket, answered, 'Get out you fool!—don't you suppose if I know, that I would purchase it myself?'—*N. Y. Times.*

A MOVING MISTAKE.

A Frenchman, whose utmost knowledge of the English tongue, barely enabled him to maltreat a few unfortunate monosyllables, recently arrived with his family at Liverpool, intending to proceed to Havre in France, by the next packet. After many desperate, but unsuccessfull efforts to make himself understood, what; looking for the vessel, he was at length *fortunately* brought to meet with a person, who, having some smattering of French, conceived his meaning, and accordingly led the way, not to the *Havre* packet, but to the quay where the Isle of Man steamer lay. Here, while Monsieur, having climbed aboard, and being directed to the Captain, proceeded to business.

"Monsieur, de Capitaine?"

"Aye, aye sir, from keel to pennon."

"Von you shall?"

"Most assuredly with the first tide, wind serving."

"Vot you charge, you by you?"

This also being answered to his satisfaction, and the price according with his preconceived idea, Bonpetelle departed, but soon returned with his family, and everything requisite for a voyage, and at high tide next morning the vessel stood to sea. For three days our traveller made remarks, but on the fourth, he asked Captain when he was to see Calais or Dover.

"Dover, answered the captain, 'why monsieur if you drink at this rate, your wife must put you on short allowance when you get a sight of Ireland, but what in the name of Saint Winifred puts France in your head! you have been qualifying the Burgundy—eh.'

"Diable me no Burgundy, me go Havre."

"Oh! see, Burgundy is no go, you're for Havre are you!—well whatever its called you had better look out for a rainy day, for a drop will be worth a Jew's eye on the grand banks, before we reach New York yet.'

'New-York, vot you mean"

'Why New-York in the United States of America.'

'United fatts debbe, he dis no von way to Havre in France!'

Here the truth flashed on the captain, and an explanation followed, but of course not much to the poor Frenchman's satisfaction, 'Sacre!' it might have been to all others, for Monsieur in common with his countrymen, not being very stoical in his temper, his usual hasty working his features into the most ludicrous distortions, running about the ship like a newly caught Ourang Outang, and swearing in broken English, for a week after, the meaning of his change, while it excited the sympathies, had certainly some effect in awakening the mirth of his fellow travellers. In due time the ship anchored in our port, and monsieur having acquired a little more of the mistakes about reciting it as soon as possible, and in less than a fortnight after he was clearing his way back again in a genuine Havre packet.—*Ib.*

BIBB, THE ENGRAVER.

How Bibb supported himself, having relinquished engraving, it would be difficult to conceive, if he had not lately taken upon all whom he knew, inasmuch that, besides his title of Count, he acquired that of 'Half-crown Bibb,' by which appellation he was generally distinguished, and according to a rough, and, perhaps, fanciful estimate, he had borrowed at least £2,000 in halfcrowns.

I remember to have met him on the day when the death of Napoleon was announced in the newspapers, and expressed my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the low desire to become rich. He was readily beginning a panegyric upon the doctor, when he applied to interrupt me with, 'Oh! never mind the old blockhead. Have you such a thing as sixpence about you?' Luckily for him, I had a little change.

There was something so whimsical in this conduct, that I mentioned it to some friends, and that and other anecdotes of Bibb, doubtless, led to Mr. Kenny to make him the hero of his diverting farce, called 'Raising the Wind,' already mentioned. Another circumstance of a similar nature was told me by Mr. Morton, whose dramatic works are deservedly popular. He told me that Bibb met him one day after the successful performance of one of his plays, and, conceiving that a prosperous author ought to have plenty of cash, commenced his solicitation accordingly, and ventured to ask him for the loan of a whole crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than three shillings and sixpence. Bibb readily accepted them, of course, but said on parting, 'Remember, I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me eighteen-pence.'

MISSOURI.

In 1824, the lead mines of Missouri paid no rent to the United States. In 1825, the tithes received by the government amounted to $10,000. In 1826, they produced $30,000. In 1827, they yielded nearly more than double those of the year. When lead in Missouri were sold for 4 cents per lb. in 1828, the receipts were $100,000; of late, about 800,000 have been annually raising 3,000 acres uncultivated, and in many very large numbers of instances, the land is given away for the mere purpose of obtaining the ore in exchange. Lead is found in other places, but in Missouri alone, it is said, it is called, say pure in the mass, of from 20 to 30 or 40 feet; the ore is found in veins, varying in size from an ounce to several hundred pounds each. It is in the same mineral region that iron, zinc, copper pyrites, and sulphate of barytes are found. Salt from foreign substances, it is said, is also found there, and coal of every nation and quality. Lead is generally or obtaining the ore is extremely simple. Shafts are sunk at whether it appears—no matter—it is found generally called, say pine

Extract from Dickens' Life, &c.

SOCK AUCTION.

A business proceeded with great spirit, and I was perfectly astonished at the immense bargains which were sold. It appeared that I was not the only one there deluded, for nearly of the first watch was cried, or two, who frequently held up his hands as I really believed, to indicate his sincere amazement, and not to show the concealed fragments which adorned his fingers.

At length a gentleman, who wore powder, and looked, I thought, like a clergyman, was struck in the auction way; and more than once, the mutual surprise of these very respectable persons burst forth in expressions like these, however, carefully subduing his tones, so that Mr. Alderton might not be exposed of their sentiments so to the sacrifice he was making.

"Wonderful!" the dandy began.

"Quite unprecedented!" the clergyman.

"It is absolutely giving away!" said the former.

"It is almost," added the man of the church; "I never saw anything like it in my life!"

"Nor I, never," the beau went on; and then, his curiosity being evidently wound up to the highest pitch, he eagerly inquired—

"But how is it to happen? What can be the cause of all this?"

The general scarcity of cash," was the reply; "nobody, in particular, has any money."

They looked at me, which I have spoke, as appealing to my judgment, for the reasonableness of what they said. I gave it at once in their favor, by repeating some of their phrases. These seemed to be, that they considered me to be a most ingenious young man, and their kindness to me, stranger as I was, won my most grateful feelings for more than once, before expressing those sentiments, that others might profit by their experience, they gave me a little knock with the elbow, and a look, which distinctly told me, that then was the time for my own private advantage.

When the sale was over, a considerable portion of the company surrounded Mr. Alderton and Shim, as I judged, for the purpose of paying for their lots. One lady directed that what she had bought might be sent home early on the following morning. The politeness of Mr. Shim, while addressing her, struck me as admirable, and with a view to improve my own address, I watched it, in order to copy every movement. He begged to be allowed to see her to her carriage. My lady (for, from the accounting her by, I found that I was beating my eyes on a person of rank,) dispensed with his services, affably, but, at the same time, with an air of dignity, such as I had never in my life had an opportunity of witnessing before.

The company now grew thin, and I was about to retire, when Shim whispered in my ear, that there was a dinner at one of Mr. Alderton's house, at which I might as well attend.

I had no great objection to accept such an invitation.

"Now, then, since you have put off your *knock-out* for an hour or two," said Shim, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "to have a jolly good *grease* before you go, I will be with you directly."

I did not entirely know what this meant, nor to whom it was addressed, but it was answered by several voices at the same time.

"Very well—very well—be quick."

They then left the room. Shim put away his books, gave a few directions to the porters, which, by the way, he issued in a very lordly tone, most unlike that which he had used while addressing her betwixt us, and then prepared for an adjournment to Mr. Alderton's house.

It was but a step that we had to go, and Shim had only time to mention, that he should presently introduce me to several persons with whom I should have a good deal to do, before that day twelvemonth, when I entered a genteel apartment, laid out for dinner, in which I found half the company I had seen at the sale, sale, among them, the lady he had offered to hand to her carriage, the dandy with rings on his fingers, and the gentleman in black, whom I had supposed to be a clergyman.

All seemed very merry and uproarious. There were several familiar present, and the reverend person I have mentioned was by no means reserved and measured in his deportment, as he had appeared in the saleroom, half an hour before.

I felt disposed to retreat.

"What do you want to go for?" inquired my friend, "before you have had your dinner?"

"Oh!" said I, "it will never do for me to stop, since you have these gentlemen and ladies here. I thought it was quite a different sort of thing."

"Well, Mr. Shim, it is almost coming?" inquired the lady, whose dignity I had admired so much.

"Just be in such a hurry, Sir! I suppose you had some breakfast this morning, was Shim's answer.

I stared at this—an *odd* commencement, and guessed the cause of it.

"*Zounds!*" said he, "you stare like a duck at thunder! Why, you don't think these are any body, do you?"

"Hush!" said I, "*they hear you!*"

"Why the devil cares if they do. What do you know of them?"

"Why, if the sale, I stood close to that gentleman with the diamond rings on his fingers, and near the clergyman, sitting just behind him."

"The gentleman with the diamond rings! the clergyman! what are you talking about? I did not think you knew as little of the town. All that gentleman's diamond rings you may be satisfied are false, and for the clergyman, as you call him, he is no more a person than you a pope. The fact is, most of these are brokers, or tag-rags, who attend our sales, to encourage purchasers to bid up; those gentry receive, as pay, what we choose to give them. In a common way, we stand a guinea, to be spent among the whole bunch; but, to-day, we are more civil than usual, as Alderton, knowing some of them may be useful at Haversham's, determined to ask the Jezebels and pickpockets to a dinner, that I might have an opportunity of hinting how they are to act, when we go into the country."

He then made me advance to the supposed clergyman, to whom he introduced me, by saying—

"Barker, here is a young cub! He is one of the concern."

The reverend person, as I conceived him to be, replied to this by uttering an oath, indicative of extreme surprise, and added—

"He is the concern! Why, then, I and Jack Rafflen,' and here he pointed to the dandy, (have been making pretty sorts of ourselves all day!—we made—total set at him, and I—and—we—we could—get just bit to make a single bidding."

Dinner came on, and we were all very jolly. The clergyman—the dandy, and the lady, Mr. Sol Briggs, as Shim familiarly called her, were remarkably good company. My friend, however, whispered to me that I must not make too free with the last-named; for, he said, he found it necessary to keep them at a distance; and he especially cautioned me to be on my guard against lending them money; for, if they succeeded in borrowing, I might consider the transaction as closing, and not a single farthing of what they might do me out of, would any one among them ever return.

"This, my friend," said Shim, "is a brief history of the shameful stratagems to which the mock auction-eers resort, in order to rob the unwary."

The next decent of these fellows, who attend mock auctions in the day-time, are in night employed as decoy ducks at the low 'Hells,' at the west-end of the town. 'And pray, said Peregrine, 'what are Hells?' 'They are,' replied Mr. Merrick, 'gambling-houses, and are, says the author of that popular book, *Life in the West*, most aptly denominated Hells, from the torments and misery with which all players, more or less, are afflicted by them, and from the horrible devils who keep them. Those men can view the progressive ruin of their victims with demoniacal satisfaction and delight. They can see, with a fiend-like smile, the glow of health and happiness, with which the cheeks of the victors are painted on their first entrance, fade into look of despair and want, blighted by the horrible passions of play, while, perhaps a few hours hence, plunging many reputable families and persons in a abyss of inextricable wretchedness and ruin, and often an ignominious ejectment to society. But,' continued Mentor, 'to give you some idea of these horrid receptacles of vice, I will ask an unfortunate acquaintance of mine, one of the unlucked frequenters at these gambling-houses, to introduce us; for, unless he does so, it will be impossible for us to gain admittance.' Mentor accordingly made an appointment with his friend, and Peregrine was then presented with a copy of one of the devilish scenes in 'A HELL.'

Hell Hotel whispered to Peregrine, asking what he thought of the scene before him. 'Hem,' continued he, 'a house, a house and a mansion to you—behold the curtain under which that poor ruined youth suffers, weak from weakness of his mind seems to drive him to madness; and then witness the cold villainous behaviour of those by whom he has been robbed and ruined—callous to every sort of feeling: these two well-dressed sharpers near that door, fearful that their unhappy victim should escape from the den with a particle of property about him, are conveying away a pocket-book which they have just taken from his pocket; and those, whom you see there, they have completely cleaned him out, these bellites will wait to be fleed from his company, and, if he will not go quietly, they will turn him out without the smallest compunction, for a new comer might take the alarm by the sight of such ruined men, and the facts they could unfold."

SATURDAY BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED BY EDMUND MORRIS

OFFICE 65 CHESNUT STREET.

TERMS—$2 00 if paid in advance—$3 00 at the end of the year

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Mr. Stephen Ustick of this city has recently obtained letters patent for a *Saw* which he has invented, and which, from the evidence we have seen of its capabilities, we are inclined to believe a most important labor saving machine. This invention consists of pairs of knives or *side cutters*, which project a very short distance below the points of the common teeth of the saw, so that as the saw is moved to and fro, either through a log, or across it, the knives or cutters penetrate the wood with great facility, and are followed immediately by the common teeth, which rip out the wood left between the knives with a degree of despatch and quickness which is truly surprising.—We believe a cross-cut saw can never be used by one man only in cutting a log for a saw mill, but that two are necessary; and even then the labor is slowly and painfully performed. But with Mr. Ustick's improvement, one man will, with the utmost ease, cut through a two foot butt in about half the time required for two men with the common cross-cut saw. We have seen this done, and of course speak from personal knowledge. The fact of itself proves that instead of two men being needed, one only will do double quantity of work, making, in fact, the labor of one man with this saw equal to the labor of two men with the ordinary tool. Besides this its other advantages are so numerous, that we shall endeavor to arrange them under proper heads.

First—Common saws may be readily altered to the patent saw, thus enabling persons who desire the improvement, to procure it without sacrificing a good saw already on hand. The cost of altering a common saw would be very small, while its capacity to turn out work would be increased two fold.

Second—The knives, or side cutters, when used in cutting up *green* timber, cut with so much keenness and regularity as to leave no *furze* on the board, which *furze* all lumber men know to be a great disadvantage. The surface of the boards are delivered from the mill as *uniformly smooth*, as to be fit for *boxing* without any further planing, beyond what is usually given after the floor is laid. Seasoned logs are also cut equally well, but not quite so rapidly.

Third—The *teeth* of the saw are made much after the fashion of a *chisel*, by which a *ripping* operation is given to the whole machine, accounting for the rapidity of its movements, as well as for the facility with which one man only can drive it.

Fourth—In lumber districts, where labor is generally high, each saw of Ustick's patent is equal to two of the present kind, thus enabling the owners of saw mills to get out as many logs as they can possibly want, at the same time saving large sums weekly in the hire of hands, while their mills are rendered far more productive.

Fifth—Lumber having the smooth surface given to it by this saw, will sell more readily, and will also command a higher price in the market. The advance thus realised on one fourth of a common raft will repay all cost of introducing the improvement.

Sixth—The cost of this saw is so little as to be within every body's reach—it gets out of repair no sooner than ordinary saws, nor is it more liable to injury from accidents, while it is kept in order with very little additional trouble.

These are the most important advantages of Mr. Ustick's invention. The patent was taken out only in August last, and within but a few weeks have any efforts been made to bring it before the notice of the public. Mechanics interested in the improvement have seen its operation in this city, and pronounce it a most valuable discovery.

Mr. Ustick has put up one saw at his room, No. 86 South Third Street, where the public are invited to call and witness its operation, which the inventor illustrates by cutting through a stiff log, with one hand, in a twinkling. In the various lumber districts of this and other states, this saw will be found a most important acquisition. The dense forests of our country, already disappearing before the axe of the woodman, will melt away with four fold rapidity through the agency of this simple yet very complete instrument. Our paper finds it way into the hands of many persons interested in the lumber trade, whose attention we beg leave to direct to the subject. Patent rights in countries or townships are now for sale, and already have numerous applications been received by the patentee. Any of our friends at a distance who may feel desirous of purchasing a right, or of obtaining any further information, will please address the Editor of the Bulletin, and his inquiries will be promptly attended to.

NEW JERSEY.—The inhabitants of the townships of Nottingham and Chesterfield, in Burlington; and of Trenton, Lawrence and Hopewell, in Hunterdon, have petitioned the Legislature to set those Townships into a new County. They contain a population of about 30,000, and embrace a territory quite large enough for the convenient transaction of County business.

The New York Mercantile advertiser of Tuesday says:—"Our Insurance Companies are unwilling to underwrite our vessels sailing for Charleston, unless with a new clause inserted in the policy. We saw one yesterday, in which the following proviso was inserted—"Warranted free from the restraint and peril emanating from the measures of the Nullifiers."

A young gentleman, named Mason, from London, has made a first appearance in New York, in the character of Rover. This is a nephew of Charles Kemble, and, as the Standard sagaciously observes, of course cousin to Miss Fanny. He is quite young, with considerable personal advantages, and is said to be an actor of great promise. His regular role is tragedy, but he has a good name in genteel comedy.

There have been several deaths of cholera at Ripley, Ohio. Among the first victims was Mr. Brockway, President of the Ripley College.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Office of the Bank of the United States at New York, on Monday, Isaac Lawrence was unanimously re-elected President for the ensuing year.

The proprietors of the Boston Evening Gazette offer $100 for the best original poem, to be published in their paper. The decision will not be made as to the merit of the poems, until the 1st of October, 1833.

A steamboat arrived at New Orleans, reports that the Sugar House of Mr. L. Columb, situated about two miles below Donaldsville, took fire on the 26th ult. by the sparks from a chimney, which resulted in the loss of the building, and one hundred and twenty hogsheads of sugar.

An attempt to enter the Branch Bank of the United States, in Baltimore, by means of false keys, was made about noon on Sunday last. It proved totally abortive, but it nevertheless shows the unparalled boldness of the villains in making it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Henry Masterton," a novel in two volumes, has just been published by Messrs. Harpers as part of their Library of Select Novels. We have not had leisure to do more than look over it; but coming from the author of "Richelieu," a work which obtained a high reputation with the reading public, and accompanied as it is with numerous testimonials of foreign approbation, we may regard it as among the very best of the many historical novels recently published.

The same publishers have put forth the *second* volume of "Tales and Novels by Maria Edgeworth," the whole to be completed in nine volumes. This work is got out in a beautiful style altogether, and is embellished with two very fine copperplate engravings illustrative of subjects of the volume. Its contents are Angelina, or the Unknown Friend; The Good French Governess; Mademoiselle Panache; The Knapsack; Lame Jervas; The Will; The Limerick Gloves; Out of Debt out of Danger; The Lottery, and Rosanna. The admirers of Miss Edgeworth have now an opportunity of procuring all her works in this very neat edition, and at a reasonable price. Messrs. Preuch & Parkins are supplied with all the Harpers publications.

History of Spain, Vol. 3, forming the 20th number of the Cabinet of History, has been published the past week by Carey & Lea. This volume embraces the history of Spain from 1504 to 1521, and it is probable another volume will complete the whole. The purchasers of the preceding volumes will be careful to complete their setts by adding the present.

The same publishers have given to the reading world another of Miss Austen's novels, "Mansfield Park." It is of the same pleasing order as her preceding works already published, and without the pretension of the more distinguished novel writers, is very well calculated to interest and amuse readers generally.

From the same publishers we have a volume of an entirely different order—"Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau." This book will afford great satisfaction to the lovers of European political history, for Mirabeau lived at an eventful period in the annals of France, and figured prominently in many of the most prominent events which distinguished the revolution. The author of the Recollections also throws much knowledge of facts not heretofore known to the public, tending materially to enhance the interest of his work. It is highly lauded in the English Reviews, and is altogether of such a character as to prevent any particular analysis of its contents here. It is sufficient for us to refer to the republication of the work.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Doughty's Cabinet, No. VIII. contains a beautifully colored drawing of the Flicker, or golden winged wood pecker, delineated with great fidelity, and equal in pictorial effect to many of his previous ornithological specimens. The plate of the Bison is not of so high a character—indeed it has appeared to us that the birds of this delightful work are wrought out much more enthusiastically than the quadrupeds; the publisher being avowedly a passionate admirer of the feathered race.

The reading matter of this number is racy and entertaining; but the wonder still grows with us that the doubt of being able to continue it yet exists. We have frequently spoken of the comparative cheapness of this publication, and would again press upon the attention of all lovers of natural history the necessity of a speedy decision whether they will aid, or permit to fall through for want of support, an undertaking almost unique in this country, and so well calculated to make its manunology and ornithology familiar to the most careless reader.

John C. Calhoun has been elected to the United States Senate, by the Legislature of South Carolina. The Union party gave blank votes. C. C. Pinckney is chosen Lieuten ant Governor.

The different newspapers printed in the United States amount in number to nearly one thousand, and the aggregate number printed annually is estimated at fifty millions, which is about one press to every thirteen hundred persons and four newspapers annually to each inhabitant.

The Pittsburgh Manufacturer says:—"Our citizens have set themselves about missing a Theatre that will do credit to our city. The plan is to take up fifteen thousand dollars of stock in shares of one hundred dollars each. A large proportion of the entire amount has already been subscribed. It is a good undertaking and if a certain will be a profitable one, as such stock must pay, if well managed, not less than ten, and probably so high as fifteen per cent."

COAL.—The whole amount of coal sent down this season, from the Lehigh, Port Carbon, and Schuylkill Haven, is 204,000 tons.

Derry on Coal.—The Board of Aldermen, of the city of New York, have passed a resolution, in correspondence with that of the Assistants, to petition Congress to remove the duty on foreign coal.

A member of the emigrant Society in Canada, calculates that there have been brought into that Province, within five years, more than *sixteen thousand paupers* —about one tenth of the whole emigration.

On the 3d inst. a solemn funeral service was performed at the New Orleans Cathedral, for the repose of the souls of those who fell victims to the late epidemic.

The Philadelphia Intelligencer, of Saturday says:—"The recent canonization at the University have given the highest degree of satisfaction. The proficiency of the different classes in their respective studies, elicited much applause from those present, and reflects great credit on the institution.

The Editor of the Quebec Gazette, after reading the nullifying news in the American papers observes:—"We hope the fabric of reason and justice, which was raised in North America for the admiration of the world, and which has now long secured peace and freedom for millions, is not to be overthrown, for the purpose of making North America what Europe has been—the seat of personal wars and oppression."

HARRISBURG, Dec. 20.—The election of Bank Directors to-day, in Senate, resulted as follows;—Bank of Pennsylvania—William J. Leiper, Henry Korn. Philadelphia Bank—Alexander M'Clurg, Hugh Downey. Columbia Bridge Company—Henry Y. Slaymaker, Robert Boyd.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Mellivaine, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 12th inst. in the discharge of the duties of his office, and intended setting out on the following day, on a visit to the churches of the Miami country.

A letter dated Charleston, Dec. 18th, states that the Bank of South Carolina was entered and robbed of $150,000 in its own notes.

The Arkansas Gazette of November 21st states that the Cholera continues to prevail among the emigrating Indians near that place, and has carried off at least 50 or 60 of their number.

The Siamese Twins are now traveling in Ohio.

Mr. and Miss Kemble are announced shortly to appear at the Baltimore Theatre.

The Norfolk Beacon mentions that Messrs. Jacob Rees and Edwin Harmstead, bricklayers, from Philadelphia, left that place on Thursday for Fayetteville, N. C. When they arrived at Hargrove's, in Nansemond county, they discovered that both their trunks had been cut from the back of the stage; and being thus despoiled of all except what they had on, they were obliged to return on foot to Norfolk. Mr. Rees's trunk contained his clothes, a small sum of money, and business implements. Mr. Harmstead's trunk contained a variety of clothing and bricklayer's tools.

Mr. D. K. Minor, editor of the Rail Road Journal, in New York, has published a paper under the title of the New York Farmer and Horticultural Repository. It is in quarto form, and is to be published monthly; each number to contain 32 pages. This number is very handsomely executed, and contains a large quantity of matter on the subjects to which the work is appropriated.

Four of the persons who were scalded by the bursting of the boiler of the steamer Portsmouth, at Louisville, died in the hospital.

The Legislature of Ohio being now in session at Columbus, the State Journal of the 5th inst. contains the following notice from the party concerned;—" Mush and Milk will be served up every Tuesday evening at the Exchange Coffee House, two doors south of Armstrong's tavern, High street, Columbus."

Lewis Sanders has been appointed Secretary of State by the Governor of Kentucky.

From the National Intelligencer.

DEATH'S CLAIMINGS.

Warrior, in the battle's thunder
With that fearless brow and eye,
Proudly gazing on the shield,
Dreaming but of victory:
Every look and tone display
What a dauntless heart is thine;
Yet are sunset's parting ray,
Gallant warrior, thou art mine!

Monarch on thy gorgeous throne,
Glittering with royalty,
Wealth and splendor are thy own,
Nations bow before thy knee;
All of treasure earth bestows,
From the land and sea is thine—
Yet are night's dark shadows thrown,
Haughty monarch, thou art mine!

Statesman, in thy secret room,
Willing up to power and fame;
Toiling on through night and gloom,
Worshipping ambition's name;
In a bright perspective shown,
Fortune, favor, all are thine—
Yet are evening's shade is thrown,
Reckless statesman, thou art mine!

Lady in thy rose clad bower,
Dreaming on its loveliness,
Winning from each passing hour
Pleasure in her gayest dress;
All that life can e'er bestow,
Beauty, wealth, and rank are thine—
Yet are twilight softened glow,
Fairest lady, thou art mine!

Yes! all are mine; the brightest flower
In fragrant blooms may pass away—
And trophies won from every hour,
May tell of my resistless sway.
Yes! all are mine! surpassing years
Bring but new victims to my shrine;
Sorrow and gladness, smiles and tears,
And youth and age—all—all are mine!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Isaac Hominum Salvator!
Thou who sent'st to earth below,
Taking on thee mortal nature,
Life immortal to bestow;

Thou, who died for man's transgression,
Thou who rose to save thy slaves;
Still art heard in intercession,
Still art mighty to the weak;

Fain would I, with rev'rent feeling,
Owe my hopes to Thee alone;
Truly Sacrifice appealing,
Cast my crown before thy Throne.

Trusting human strength no longer,
Hi-ecstorb be that weakness mine,
Which attempts to be stronger
In *itself*—but *power* divine;

Which seeks not—from depths of science,
Heights of knowledge—aid to draw;
But in humble reliance
On *thy Love*, would keep *thy Law*.

Not from superstitious reasons
Would I greet this day with song;
In my view all times and seasons
Unto Thee alike belong.

Who to God this day observeth,
Keeps it unto God alone!
He who from its ritual reserveth,
Still may make it his own.

Outward rites of man's appointing,
Can no inward feeling give;
'Tis Thy Spirit's blest anointing
Bids the soul to Thee believe.

This alone, by Thee imparted,
Can prevent a useless power;
Can preserve the pure and hearted,
In temptation's darkest hour.

Not in subtle speculation,
Not in codes, or creeds of man,
Not in learned disputation,
Or thy Gospel's hidden plan;

Not in reason's proud researches,
Fixing Heaven, shall I find Thee;
Not in quoting synods, churches,
Dwells Religion's vital germ.

Thou is found in spirits rendered,
It pen that rules, or seals above;
Passions chasten'd; wills surrender'd
To the law of perfect love!

Time, like some impetuous river
To the ocean hastens on,
Bears us onward to its Giver;
Soon will be forever gone!

Let it travel swiftly—slowly
Tow rds a vast Eternity;
Every day I am drawing
It a turned our hearts to Thee.

Thee, unto my own appealing,
Prompts our tribute to Thy name,
Wants with mingled fear and feeling,
Hope, and love, and joy and shame.

Since to thee, in love, or terror,
Knowest Thou, all must approach confess;
Choose my heart from sin and error,
Wah thy Holy spirit bless.

So that when Death's transient slumber
Seals my eyes, each day and night
One among the countless number
Ransom'd and redeem'd by Thee!

The Address of General Hayne, on taking the oath of office of Governor of South Carolina, is a document characterized by all the soundness of conviction, and earnestness of fixed resolution. Its devotedness, its courage, must be acknowledged, whilst the palpable error which marks its whole spirit is the only blot as a fatal delusion. The error is, in assuming that their brethren of the Union, who have no feeling towards them but that of kindness, and a desire to preserve the people of South Carolina, whilst it is they in fact, who are taking up arms against the residue of the Union to which they belong, and to whose rightful authority they owe allegiance.

This address of General Hayne, is, under all the circumstances, the most pernicious document we have yet seen.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

The friends of the American System at Patterson, N. J. and its neighborhood, had a meeting by adjournment on the 10th inst. at which, among many others the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we view the protective policy so interwoven with the best interests of our government as to forbid for a moment the idea of its abandonment, first in believing that its abolition would throw us back on the old colonial system of dependence upon England for all the productions of art and manufacture.

Resolved, That the power of protecting Domestic Industry against the machinations of foreign legislation, is one attribute of sovereign State, and as the States of this Union have not retained that attribute it must necessarily be found among the powers delegated to the general government.

Resolved, That should the reduction of duties become necessary, the proper mode of effecting that object would be, to remove the duties entirely from all articles not the growth or manufactures of the U. States.

COAL TRADE.

Pottsville, Dec. 22, 1832.

We have laid before the public some statistical information respecting certain branches of the coal trade, including a view of the capital invested and labor employed in the business of mining and transporting to market the amount of the annual expectations of the miners of this region. We have not entered into any calculation relative to the cost or value of the very expensive improvements incident to mining establishments. Neither have we said any thing concerning the lands themselves, whence our supplies are derived. The whole number of miners, laborers, horses, cars and boats employed, together with the respective wages of the two first, and original cost of the latter is comprehended in our statement, without any reference to other collateral subjects which might be introduced. The amount of coal exported from this region during the season which is just ended, is equal to two hundred and four thousand tons. If sufficient encouragement by early purchases, is afforded to the industry of the miner and laborer, this quantity may be indefinitely increased; in a ratio at least equal to any future demands. No one in any degree acquainted with the extensive resources of this region will for a moment question the truth of this proposition.

The natural capacity of our mountains to supply the article is literally boundless—the means of exportation adequate—the industry of our population greater than any requisitions that can be made upon it. An example afforded by a single locality will illustrate our meaning. On the West Branch railroad there are 325 cars belonging to thirty colliers. Contracts have been already made for supplying 100 additional cars. Without including other cars than those which are already on hand or positively engaged, we will commence our calculation, by stating that each car will contain 2½ tons of coal. Allowing only one trip per day, which many very frequently make two, the sum total would equal 1000 tons per day or 6000 tons per week. Estimating a period of 30 weeks for active operations during the season, the aggregate quantity would amount to 180,000 tons, almost thrice as much as is required for the annual supply of New York. This is a very moderate statement of what can actually be accomplished by one third of the coal region. Should the back resources of purchasers and contractors suffer a considerable portion of the season for active operations to elapse without making provision, our calculation may not be verified—*but the fault will not be ours.*

Of the above mentioned 204,000 tons of coal shipped from this region, there passed down the

West Branch railroad,	67,000
Mount Carbon,	57,234
Schylkill Valley,	27,981*
Mill Creek, about	30,000
	182,274

The balance of the 204,000 tons was mined on the line of the canal in this vicinity.

One miner can mine 1¼tons of coal per day—say that he works 5 days in the week, and 45 weeks in the year, this will make 225 days; to mine 204,000 tons of coal will require in round numbers, 600 miners. It will require as many persons to haul out, skreen and convey the coal to the landings, making openings, &c. it does to mine the coal—therefore say 1200 laborers.

The West Branch railroad is about 12 miles long —the average distance of hauling thereon about

Mount Carbon railroad, 4 miles,	do	9 miles
Mill Creek railroad, 4 miles,	do	3 do
Schuylkill Valley railroad, 10 miles,	do	5 do
		—
		20

avarage distance, (say 5 miles)—one horse hauls 4 wagons, and makes two trips per day—each wagon averaging nine 1¼ tons—will make 44 tons for each horse per day—multiplied by 225 days, gives 9150 tons to each horse—which, divided into 203,000, gives 65 horses. It requires an equal number of horses to haul the coal out of the drifts—say 130 horses.

To carry this coal to market it requires about 400 boats—400 horses—and 2 men and 1 boy to each boat —making 1200 men and boys on the line of the canal. Total 2400 persons, and 530 horses actually engaged in mining the above coal and conveying it to market.

There are on the West Branch railroad in use

	325 Cars
Mount Carbon,	150 do
Mill Creek, about	200 do
Schuylkill Valley,	230 do
	905

The cars on the West Branch and Mount Carbon railroads cost on an average $600 a piece—and those on the Mill Creek and Schuylkill Valley cost about $250 a piece—which would amount to $ 94 500
400 boats at $600 each, 240,000
530 horses at $150 each, 21,200
600 miners at $7 each per week, 180 000
600 laborers at $6 do do 162,000
1200 boatmen at $5 per week, for 32 weeks, 192,000

Active capital, $892,750

RECAPITULATION.

Miners,	600
Laborers and Boatmen,	1800
	2400
Horses,	530
Cars,	905
Boats,	400
Active capital,	$892,750

* There also passed down this road 33,470 shingles, and 628,092 feet of boards.—*Miner's Journal.*

As usual nothing particularly interesting has yet been transacted in Congress. The members do not seem disposed to enter seriously into business till after the holydays. Much, however, preparet at the last session, and not acted upon, is now before them and should be dispatched. It is important to those who are concerned, and in some cases, equally so to the nation, but the dedication of two or three hours each day, for three or four days in every week to business, affords, in a body so large as that of the House of Representatives, but little hope of a speedy termination to it. Other questions, too, are about to arise of an intensely interesting and engrossing nature. When the subject of the tariff and the agitations in South Carolina are brought before the Committee of the whole, it requires but little of power of divination to say, that the smothered volcano will burst forth with terrific violence. Our country is certainly on the eve of a great crisis. We trust it will pass less fearfully than some imagine; but the elements of discord and confusion are in agitation, and we can scarcely conjecture the result. We are willing to leave it to that whose duty it is to temper the storm; but to do this, requires great moderation, coolness and patriotism. The bare allusion to the doctrines of the President's Proclamation, a few days ago, produced an excitement in the House which it was difficult to smother or suppress, and when they are fairly brought before that body, we cannot tell to what extent it may be carried. Those who compose the legislative assembly of the nation, are at a loss to know what will be the issue—their opinions, at present, are various and conflicting, but the majority seemed inclined to support the doctrines put forth in that paper, though admitted to be ultra federal. Its literary merit is acknowledged. We have not had time to read the principles and reasons for it, and it will, we have every reason to believe, be assailed with great violence by those on whom it was intended to have a favorable operation. The eyes of the world are upon us. Let us, then, act with wisdom and prudence. Let us practise the maxim of Zeno, 'Bear and forbear much;' and not wildly and madly rush into the gulph that passes to receive us.—*Washington City Chronicle.*

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.—We are glad to find one art of the administration which every patriotic man, friend or foe must approve. Though this act may stand isolated, as it were, like an oasis in the desert, or like Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, yet it deserves not less the meed of universal praise. The proclamation is not only a most splendid production as a matter of composition, but its arguments are strong and forcible, and its sentiments such as cannot fail to meet a response in every patriotic American heart.—*Lowell Journal.*

Our readers will be gratified to learn that the sum of Sir Walter Scott's debts have been paid. The creditors met in Edinburgh on the 29th of October, when the remaining sum of £3,54000 was settled, in the following manner—£22,000 life insurance. £11,000 cash in hand for works recently sold, and £20,000 paid on the part of the family. Thus, says a London paper, in the period of six short years, this enormous sum has been actually produced by the workings of one man's unassisted intellectual powers!—a fact in the history of literature of which there is no example in past times, and probably never will be again. The subject of issuing a splendid monument to his memory was to be brought before Parliament.

THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA.

In the title of a new work, in three volumes, which Mrs. Trollope, with the aid and encouragement, we suppose, of Basil Hall, has elaborated about one year. The named caracter and above, as well as in larger cities, the spirit in which it is written, is a most unfable amount of truth in its portraits and representations. The history of an emigrant for the first season.

Madame de Chauville was a widow; her husband, a man of eminence in the literary circles of Paris, had engulfed in leave Paris, on presidence of the last revolution, every thing else which made life valuable to him, for the purpose of following his fortunes in the New World, father, who in some most unaccountable manner found $50,000 to be in his possession at the time of his decease every thing but left in Paris, and a gambling debt besides. The doctrine he practised was, that the immediate wants of a young family were the chief, when she left all she loved to follow him. She had one darling child, a girl of fifteen, Mr. Wimble's daughter by a former wife, and a mere boy of seven, the son of Madame de Chauville by her husband. Her sister's settlement on the banks of Red River. If he had done so since, the thing would not be worth writing about, but he did not. He finally proved. His penny, gay, happy little wife was left with him. Her spirit was not broken by her misfortunes in all the gay flutter of animal spirits, might have called her economist; but never did any woman practise a stronger proof of self-command than she did, when she left all she loved to follow her husband

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Charles X and his household establishment, consisting, it is said, of 140 persons, will arrive at Prague on the 17th, where he has bought the Metternich palace. Madame will be treated in the most hospitable manner. The Duchess of Angoulême and her niece visit Vienna on the 25th, to go to Prague.

A wealthy and highly respectable merchant, just arrived from Vienna, informs me that the American government is making contracts for the clothing of 200,000 troops, and also for the clothing of a consignment force of 300,000 men. The does not look much like peace.

Letters from Antwerp state that the citadel is being supplied with large quantities of shells, provisions, &c. and that an early restitution of that fort is quite out of the question.

Letters from Brussels speak of the dissatisfaction of the Belgian troops, and of the probability of mutiny, should the French Army cross the frontiers, and be headed by Marshall Gerard.

It is rather a curious circumstance that the first subject given over to the Anatomical Bill should be the body of the well-known murderer who went by the name of Lady Barrymore.

GLASGOW, Oct. 27.—*Cholera*—new cases 2, deaths 2, total from Feb. 12th, (population 202,426,) cases 8151, deaths 2970.

EDINBURGH, Oct. 25.—New cases 8, deaths 4. Total cases 775, deaths 106.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—We learn from the German papers, that Mehemet Ali has declared his independence of Syria with the most extraordinary success, and that the Porte, despairing of all further unprovoked resistance, has sent Reschid Pasha and M. Maurojeni to London, to induce the English government to interfere, to save the empire from Russian influence. Our information having been so singularly successful in all other cases, leaves scarcely room for doubt, that Lord Palmerston will yield to the solicitations of our "friendly," and open a fire of protocols against the Pacha of Egypt.

Letters from Lisbon state that the small body of 300 Chasseurs in the service of Don Pedro, who effected a landing at Lagos, have been all taken prisoners by Cabot, and that this little diversion of the 'constitutional forces' has wholly failed.

LONDON, Nov. 2—3 o'clock.—We have this moment received the following important intelligence from Amsterdam, by the Atwood steamer:—

Orders came from the Hague to Rotterdam, from the government, at two o'clock on Wednesday morning, that the steam boat Brewer was not to proceed any more to England; and that all the English letter bond were to be discharged. Part of her crew, the mate went to the Hague to see the King.

Notice was to be given on the same day, that all the English vessels were to leave Rotterdam. Great agitation prevails in that city. Fears are that we come over in the Atwood, and it is supposed that the information had been refused by the King. There are the warming with all quarters of Holland for the coast.

The west and south west counties of Germany have lost the present year, by emigration, nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and it was calculated that they would lose the ensuing 30,000.

Maldivan has been engaged at Drury Lane for twenty-five nights, for £2300, and £200, to Dr. Pettigrew, the husband, as leader of the band when she performs.

LONDON.—15,000 vessels lie at a time at the wharves; 1500 carriages a day leave the city for the country; 4000 wagons are employed in the country trade; the annual commerce of the city is estimated at £180,000,000 sterling.

The population of London is 1,300,000; 20,000 inhabitants live entirely on the morning, without knowing how they shall live through the day, or where they shall sleep through the night. The public charges are 110,000; the thieves and pickpockets, 115,000; the receivers of stolen goods 3,000; servants out of place, 10,000; and 6,000 criminals are annually sent to prison.

From late London papers.

Lord Tenterden being out of health, Sir Thomas Denman, the present Attorney-General, is likely to be promoted to the Lord Justiceship of the Queen's Bench, and succeeded as Attorney-General, by Sir William Home. The salary of Lord Chief Justice is £8000, and the office of Attorney-General is supposed to produce £9,000 a year; from all patents he receives largely.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, it is said, cannot conceive was expressed in the London papers.

Sir Stratford Canning has been sent by England to Rome, as Minister Plenipotentiary.

The Venice Gazette gives letters from Odessa, dated the 5th Oct. stating that on September the 21st, 22d and 24th, the shores of the Black Sea were visited by the most awful storm on which the memory of man, in which between forty and fifty merchantmen were totally or partially lost. One of them, a Spanish brig the Mentor, had on board twenty-five Jews as passengers for Egypt, all of whom were lost, with, it is said, 30,000 rouples which were carrying with them. Five other vessels sunk were either Turkish or Greek captains. They were also cruel losses on the Asiatic coast. At Sezo, a Russian Brunette, the Russian ambassador, was totally lost with all on board. Another vessel, the Count de Soure, was also sunk near Terusa, with the exception of six men. The Austrian Lloyd's brig Trieste, from Rovigno, for Patras, that on the 14th, the brig Donna, was lost in the deep near Dragoon.

DEFERENCE TO AGE.—We are glad to notice among the proceedings of the South Carolina Legislature, that respect is paid to old age, and that the Members have determined to retain the Chaplain of the Senate.

Mr. Harrison submitted a resolution, permitting Mr. Fulton, an officer of the House, on account of extreme age and faithful services, to wear his hat, as do the members, which was agreed to.

We are indebted to Mr. Mathias, of the State Legislature, for a copy of the Journal of the House. It is due to perceive the gentleman has been assigned a servant, next station on the Education Committee. He has since been re-elected, and is engaged in the arduous and unenviable of a general system of Education, and we have no doubt that under his accurate and those of the gentlemen with whom he is associated, such a bill will be reported to the legislature the present session as will meet with the unanimous sanction of that body.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

From the Journal of Health.

Among the recent publications which possess claims to general notice and patronage, may be mentioned "*The Catechism of American Law*," adapted to public instruction by R. C. Taylor, and C. S. Ives, M. D. one of those books which it makes to make every man his own lawyer, a manual to be studied in schools, heads of families, and by all who wish to be informed. Yale Mercury, or "Popular Medicine," by doctor Jacob Bigelow, and physician to the Boston Dispensary. The Catechism is brief and lucid; it is to make men acquainted with the laws of their country, a knowledge which are more or less daily concerned; but without a knowledge of the out and legal duties of which, they may run into a fine, subject to forfeiture of their privileges, or encroaching unwittingly on those of others. Without meaning to enter into the merits of these classical studies, we may be allowed to express our belief, that a portion of the time given to heathen mythology, was not the best employment for a person of Rome, and an inquiry into the respective powers of comic and tragic muse, might have been more usefully employed in a study of, and committing to memory, parts of the Catechism of American Law. A knowledge of the relative duties of *husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, master and servant, principal and agent*; and of the rights of property, of *personal property, of insurance, of the contract of sale, &c.* is not only unfortunately valuable to nearly every citizen of the republic, but is also good preparation for his properly understanding the more complex relations that govern the political duties of life, and the true meaning of a federal union.

We do not mean, of course, as an opinion of the accuracy of the author, in his manner of arming the several principles and propositions of his work. But we may, without any intention of crudity or servile deference, pin our faith, in this matter, to such a man and such a publication as Silliman, whose favorable testimonial accompanies the Catechism.

The Richmond Whig of Saturday says:—"The match Foot Race between Mr. Perrit, of Georgia, who run one hundred miles in twenty hours, for \$1,000 per of Virginia, was run on Wednesday last at the Fairfield course near this city. Great interest was felt for the success of Mr. Perrit, who had passed so many hundred, and had hitherto been considered the "Napoleon of the turf." The late heavy rains and the muddy soil consequent, however, caused bets to run in his favor. The race was however, won by Abernathy, with great ease, by Mr. Perrit, who remains, probably, without a rival in the United States."

Whole number of votes for Governor and Lieutenant Governor, in each State in 1832.

	GOVERNOR.	LIEUT. GOVERNOR.
Maine,	51,325	47,297
N. Hampshire,	27,227	27,227
Vermont,	20,199	15,063
Massachusetts,	72,000	72,000
Rhode Island,	15,815	15,800
Connecticut,	37,000	37,000
New York,	221,300	218,000
New Jersey,	35,000	35,000
Pennsylvania,	168,000	168,000
Delaware,	4,000	4,000
Maryland,	51,000	51,000
Virginia,	60,000	60,000
North Carolina,	50,000	50,000
South Carolina,	30,000	30,000
Georgia,	50,000	50,000
Alabama,	30,000	30,000
Mississippi,	20,000	20,000
Louisiana,	15,000	15,000
Tennessee,	60,000	60,000
Kentucky,	80,000	80,000
Ohio,	150,000	150,000
Indiana,	50,000	50,000
Illinois,	12,000	12,000
Missouri,	25,000	25,000
	1,364,166	1,356,387

Majority for Governor, 7,779.

New York pap.

PRACTICAL EFFECTS OF NULLIFICATION.—The annexed extract of a letter from one of the first commercial houses in Charleston, shows, already, that intended and has not been disappointed, by reason of the natural course of the rulers of South Carolina:

CHARLESTON, Dec. 5th, 1832.

"We have your letter of the 29th ultimo; we regret we cannot report any progress in the sale of your goods, and we advise you to send no more here at present, our Nullification doctrine is putting us all in confidence, and will do all commercial business more mischief, than anything, 10 to 11¼ cents. Rice 2¾ to 3¼. Bills on London 9½.

Two Pages (*twice as large*) *to be sold every Saturday by* J. Collins, *corner of* Small *and* Seward *streets*; J. G. Archer, *sen. Market Street*; A. D. Turk, *No* 947 S. Fifth *st.*

SATURDAY BULLETIN.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1832.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE BULLETIN.

E. A. Worrell, Morrisonville, South Carolina.

☞For general agent list, see fourth page.

UNION OF THE EVENING POST AND BULLETIN.

On the first Saturday in January 1833, the BULLETIN will be united with ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST. The publisher of the Bulletin has felt for a considerable time past, the duties and labors of its publication a burden from which he was desirous to be relieved, as well from ill health as other causes; and, determined to close his duties as a publisher, he has succeeded in making an arrangement with Mr. ATKINSON of the Saturday Evening Post, which he fully or ieves will be agreeable to all parties. The patrons of the Bulletin will be greatly the gainers by this transaction. The Saturday Evening Post has maintained for eleven years an enviable reputation among periodicals. The untiring industry of its Editor, by which he has weekly crowded his columns with the most interesting "tidings of the times," has been amply prized, and his successful exertions have been repaid by a constant accession of subscribers NOW exceeding *Fourteen thousand.*

The Post is already of larger dimensions than the Bulletin, and it will be still further greatly increased in size at the time of the union of the two papers. Renewed exertions will be made to improve the character of the *Saturday Evening Post & Bulletin*, which will be *the cheapest and the best* paper of the first rank among American periodicals, for *quantity* and *quality* of matter, neatness and tasteful arrangement—beauty of printing, and superior quality of paper.

Notwithstanding the great number of copies to be published weekly, which after the month will exceed 20,000, the facilities of printing, on *two superior power presses*, will enable the proprietor to issue them come over in the Attwood, and it is supposed that the information had been refused by the King. There are the warming with all quarters of Holland for the coast. their readers the very latest intelligence, and his monthly sheet will afford ample space for the important state papers that are weekly divulged in consequence of the critical state of affairs at home and abroad, without curtailing the amusing miscellany prepared for the sentimental and the lovers of wit and amusement; the agriculturalist and the man of science—the politician pr the fireside circle—and affording *advertisers* a medium of communicating their wishes to the public unrivalled by any other similar vehicle in the United States—having by far the greatest circulation of any newspaper through all the States and Territories, but more particularly through the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware.

As but few papers after the union will be printed over the actual number required for subscribers, it will be advisable for those who wish to commence with the *new and improved series*, to forward their names early, *accompanied by the cash* ! for a year's subscription, free of postage—as the publisher is determined to make his paper more intrinsically valuable than any other, to receive *only good and punctual subscribers.* He is determined to exact a strict compliance with his terms, and those who are not able or willing to comply with them, must seek elsewhere for amusement and instruction.

The nominal price of the Post & Bulletin will be the same as for many years past. *From all who pay in advance, two dollars will be thankfully received*; but if not paid *within* six months from the annual commencement, $2,50 will be *required*—if not paid during the year, *three dollars* will be *insisted* on, and *compulsory* measures adopted towards delinquents—$3,5 will be required after six months subscription in advance, but never a less sum.

The present Editor of the Bulletin will continue to give his services to the united paper.

☞ PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS who give *the above* notice three times after the receipt of this, shall be entitled to the Post & Bulletin for one year—they are requested to mark the advertisement to papers directed to the publisher, S. C. ATKINSON. *Subscribers to the Bulletin who also do not wish to receive the united paper will please give early information. If this notice is delayed, it will be understood that they wish to be considered subscribers for at least one year.*

The Books and Accounts of the Bulletin will on Monday next be transferred to the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, Hudson's Alley, directly opposite the Philadelphia Post Office, where all subscriptions are to be paid, either for arrearages or in advance.

EULOGY ON CARROLL.

The Hon. JOHN SERGEANT, will deliver the EULOGY on the LIFE AND CHARACTER of the late

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON,

At the request of the City Councils, on Monday next, the 31st inst. at 12 o'clock, at noon, in the Great Hall of the Musical Fund Society.

QUICK TRIP.—The steamer Chi-Justice Marshall, Captain Russell, left New Orleans for Natchez, where she remained some time and was back again in four days and fifteen hours, and she heard the brig Tribune fifty miles up the river, and laid twelve hours of the time by the steamer Carrollton, to pull her off! in a sand bar.

The New York papers give notice of the intended departure of the Italian Opera Company from that city for Philadelphia, early in January. They will occupy the Chesnut Street Theatre and the company now performing there will go into winter quarters at Walnut street Theatre.

TOWN MEETING.—The Baltimore Republican of Saturday says:—"Measures are in progress for the calling of a town meeting without distinction of parties, for the purpose of obtaining a public expression of the opinion of our citizens on the subject of Nullification and the late Proclamation of the President."

As an evidence of the extent and importance of our trade to Peru, it is stated that during one year, next preceding August last, seventy-two American whale ships of nearly 25,000 tons burthen, visited the little port of Payta alone.

A PREDICAMENT.—Slaves escaping from one State into another are now reclaimable by their masters, longer period in Ireland, if he is a landlord, than the emotions of sorrow and regret, at the great injustice he has done to his parents and relations by the from a foreign country are not so treated. Of course South Carolina, if she separates from the Union, is in a fair way to lose all her slaves; in other words more than half her population.

☞ There is a report afloat, connected with the Holland and Belgium business, that excites a great deal of attention and interest. It is said and *believed* that the Dutch Charge des Affaires has instructions or authority to issue letters of Marque against English and French commerce to vessels sailing from American ports on the news of the first hostile proceeds by the combined powers—the capturing of a ship, or the firing of a gun. The commissions will probably be eagerly sought for, and Baltimore clippers fitted out with *Dutch* crews, may be got ready for sea in a very short time.

Such a measure as this could hardly have been counted on by the Convention of London, but it is so natural and feasible that the probability of its adoption is evident, and may have given rise to the report. It appeared first in the Albion, a weekly paper of the highest standing, the editor stating that he has it on sufficient authority to warrant implying it to fore the public. It is difficult to conceive a course more likely than the arming these privateers to bring on a serious war.—*N. Y. Standard.*

THE DUEL.

The Boston and Providence papers have a great deal to say concerning a silly affair that was got up on Sunday, the 16th inst. at Cumberland, in Rhode Island, by four silly blockheads from Boston. The following letter, published in the Rhode Island American, contains the particulars.

CUMBERLAND, Dec. 17, 1832.

FRIEND MOWRY—I here send you an account of what I promised to be a shameful affair. Yesterday four men came out of Massachusetts in two chaises, into the northerly part of this town, and stopping at the house of one of my neighbors, inquired if they were in Rhode Island or Connecticut. On being told they were in Rhode Island, they rode on a short distance and stopped, and after fastening their horses to the fence, passed over into an adjoining pasture, and there stood talking for some time. At last two of them began to undress, but before they got through, their attention was arrested by some cattle that were in the same pasture, one of whom, seeing strangers, and fearing a sort of threatening noise of wonder, on hearing which one of the other gentlemen went and recommenced, and returned with a report that there was a bull there, which, by the way, was not the case. They then picked up their clothes, and got over a wall into another pasture, followed at a short distance by a number of my neighbors, who were collecting pasture, to witness the proceedings. Here they finished undressing themselves, taking off their very shirts.

At this juncture, the youngest looking one of two seemed much agitated. One of the boys says, 'he cried properly,' and that one of the other men gave him a bottle to drink out of two or three times. Two pistols were now produced, and the two shirtless men stood up, backing each other, about a rod apart, with their pistols in their hands, at their sides. Soon after, something was said by one of the other men, and both the men on the ground turned round and fired—one when the half way round, and the other without raising his arm. The bullet from the pistol of the former probably came very near one of the seconds, though he stood some feet off, as he exclaimed, 'I am shot, dont hit me.' Two more pistols were now brought on, and the fighting parties stood up as before. The second who had fired, and who *Adams* early became the first friend among American periodicals, for *quantity* and *quality* of matter, neatness and tasteful arrangement—beauty of printing, and superior quality of paper.

Notwithstanding the great number of copies to be published weekly, which after the month will exceed 20,000, the facilities of printing, on *two superior power presses*, will enable the proprietor to issue them come over in the Attwood, and it is supposed that the information had been refused by the King. There are the warming with all quarters of Holland for the coast. their readers the very latest intelligence, and his monthly sheet will afford ample space for the important state papers that are weekly divulged in consequence of the critical state of affairs at home and abroad, without curtailing the amusing miscellany prepared for the sentimental and the lovers of wit and amusement; the agriculturalist and the man of science—the politician pr the fireside circle—and affording *advertisers* a medium of communicating their wishes to the public unrivalled by any other similar vehicle in the United States—having by far the greatest circulation of any newspaper through all the States and Territories, but more particularly through the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware.

As but few papers after the union will be printed over the actual number required for subscribers, it will be advisable for those who wish to commence with the *new and improved series*, to forward their names early, *accompanied by the cash* ! for a year's subscription, free of postage—as the publisher is determined to make his paper more intrinsically valuable than any other, to receive *only good and punctual subscribers.* He is determined to exact a strict compliance with his terms, and those who are not able or willing to comply with them, must seek elsewhere for amusement and instruction.

The nominal price of the Post & Bulletin will be the same as for many years past. *From all who pay in advance, two dollars will be thankfully received*; but if not paid *within* six months from the annual commencement, $2,50 will be *required*—if not paid during the year, *three dollars* will be *insisted* on, and *compulsory* measures adopted towards delinquents—$3,5 will be required after six months subscription in advance, but never a less sum.

The present Editor of the Bulletin will continue to give his services to the united paper.

☞ PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS who give *the above* notice three times after the receipt of this, shall be entitled to the Post & Bulletin for one year—they are requested to mark the advertisement to papers directed to the publisher, S. C. ATKINSON. *Subscribers to the Bulletin who also do not wish to receive the united paper will please give early information. If this notice is delayed, it will be understood that they wish to be considered subscribers for at least one year.*

The Books and Accounts of the Bulletin will on Monday next be transferred to the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, Hudson's Alley, directly opposite the Philadelphia Post Office, where all subscriptions are to be paid, either for arrearages or in advance.

EULOGY ON CARROLL.

The Hon. JOHN SERGEANT, will deliver the EULOGY on the LIFE AND CHARACTER of the late

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON,

At the request of the City Councils, on Monday next, the 31st inst. at 12 o'clock, at noon, in the Great Hall of the Musical Fund Society.

QUICK TRIP.—The steamer Chi-Justice Marshall, Captain Russell, left New Orleans for Natchez, where she remained some time and was back again in four days and fifteen hours, and she heard the brig Tribune fifty miles up the river, and laid twelve hours of the time by the steamer Carrollton, to pull her off! in a sand bar.

The New York papers give notice of the intended departure of the Italian Opera Company from that city for Philadelphia, early in January. They will occupy the Chesnut Street Theatre and the company now performing there will go into winter quarters at Walnut street Theatre.

TOWN MEETING.—The Baltimore Republican of Saturday says:—"Measures are in progress for the calling of a town meeting without distinction of parties, for the purpose of obtaining a public expression of the opinion of our citizens on the subject of Nullification and the late Proclamation of the President."

As an evidence of the extent and importance of our trade to Peru, it is stated that during one year, next preceding August last, seventy-two American whale ships of nearly 25,000 tons burthen, visited the little port of Payta alone.

A PREDICAMENT.—Slaves escaping from one State into another are now reclaimable by their masters, from a foreign country are not so treated. Of course South Carolina, if she separates from the Union, is in a fair way to lose all her slaves; in other words more than half her population.

☞ There is a report afloat, connected with the Holland and Belgium business, that excites a great deal of attention and interest. It is said and *believed* that the Dutch Charge des Affaires has instructions or authority to issue letters of Marque against English and French commerce to vessels sailing from American ports on the news of the first hostile proceeds by the combined powers—the capturing of a ship, or the firing of a gun. The commissions will probably be eagerly sought for, and Baltimore clippers fitted out with *Dutch* crews, may be got ready for sea in a very short time.

Such a measure as this could hardly have been counted on by the Convention of London, but it is so natural and feasible that the probability of its adoption is evident, and may have given rise to the report. It appeared first in the Albion, a weekly paper of the highest standing, the editor stating that he has it on sufficient authority to warrant implying it to fore the public. It is difficult to conceive a course more likely than the arming these privateers to bring on a serious war.—*N. Y. Standard.*

DESTRUCTION OF TWO STEAMBOATS BY FIRE.—New Orleans papers to the 8th inst. inclusive, bring an account of the destruction by fire, on the 4th inst. of the steamboat Citizen Packet, a fine boat employed in the Mississippi and the Saratoga. This unfortunate occurrence took place on the morning of the 4th. The following particulars are from the Louisiana Advertiser of the 5th:

It is stated that the fire originated in the cook house of the Cotton Planter, which soon communicated to the cotton piled on her deck and guards, and in a few minutes this beautiful steamer was in a solid mass of flame from stem to stern, barely giving time to those who were on board to escape with what they had on. The flames progressing in such rapid strides, soon caught the upper roof of the Saratoga, and continued their ravages with unabated fury. It is feared that two unfortunate beings, one white and the other black, perished in the flames, as nothing has been heard of them since. The Cotton Planter arrived in our port on Monday evening with a cargo of 1554 bales of cotton, being 300 or 400 more than she was over loaded to carry. We understand that from three to four hundred bed were then engaged by the Lafayette Light Infantry, been landed, the balance perished with her. She sunk yesterday morning about nine o'clock. Part of the cargo was on board the Cotton Planter when insured, but the boat was not. The Saratoga had no cargo on board having been attached some time since, and was to have been sold on Monday next. The loss by this calamity is estimated at from \$80,000 to \$100,000. Four of five steam boats, immediately after the fire broke out, raised steam and put off into the stream, and the Mississippi, yesterday, was covered with islands of cotton floating in all directions.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE.

An old and respectable gentleman between sixty and seventy years of age by the name of Robert Brcly, who is the agent or representative of considerable property in this city, but whose residence is at Newburgh on the Hudson river, came to this city on Monday last for the purpose of transacting some business, and boarded with Charles M'Guire, one of his tenants, at No. 31 Orange Street. On Thursday afternoon of last week he left M'Guire's, but returned in the night, M'Guire supposed he had gone to Newburgh, and knew nothing to the contrary until Monday last, when the old gentleman hardly begun to recover himself at length of his stay from home, came to this city to inquire after him. All the information M'Guire could give is detailed above, and a painful mystery hung over his absence, which was soon to be unravelled in the most unexpected manner. The following letter from twenty-five to thirty entire works, printed on the supposition that he had been drowned or murdered. Nothing occurred to cast any light upon the mystery of his disappearance, until Tuesday when M'Guire received a letter from the old gentleman by the hands of a black woman, informing him that he was detained in a room in a back building in Anthony street, and desired his immediate assistance. On going to the place, which is an old back rookery in rear of No. 102, the approach to which is through a miserable passage known to the Police as S-hings' Alley, he found the old gentleman in a miserable room in a house occupied by a black woman by the name of Betsy Williams, where he had remained from the Thursday preceding divested of every article of clothing, and in constant apprehension of being murdered. He was immediately furnished by M'Guire with clothing, and removed to his house, from whence he was taken on Wednesday morning to the police office, where he made a deposition in writing of the following facts:—That on starting from M'Guire's in Orange street, on Thursday, towards dusk, he turned the corner of Anthony towards Broadway, intending to visit some friends in Chamber street,—that in passing up Anthony street he was very unexpectedly but forcibly seized by five or six men, who hurried him through an alley into a back building, and there in a room apparently occupied by a black woman, dispossessed him of every article of clothing, and property, together with about thirty-five dollars and a half in money—that the ruffians immediately left him, carrying off his clothing with them, and that he had been compelled to remain in the room from Thursday until Tuesday evening without any other covering or protection from the severity of the weather than a blanket, which had been furnished him by the black woman, who after repeated importunities and promises of reward, had been the bearer of his note to Mr. M'Guire.

The old gentleman recollected the appearance of two of the gang sufficiently well to give a pretty accurate description of their persons and features. Homan and Sparks were specially charged with their apprehension. Last evening they succeeded at the Five Points in arresting Francis Goodridge, a ginger alic lately white man about three or four and twenty years of age, whom, from the description given and his course of life, they were induced to believe was one of the gang, and conducted him to the police office for examination. In the course of the day they were separately interrogated, and stoned each other so frequently in the answers which they gave, they were ultimately constrained to admit all the facts, which are nearly if not entirely as follows:—

Edwin, who is a young man about twenty-one years of age, has been a long time a contracted habits in which young men left to themselves are apt to indulge, until at length he was induced to persuade his brother, who was a clerk of McGregor, Darling, & Co. at a salary of two hundred dollars a year, to allow him to take the bank book and money out of his pocket on the road to the bank, with which he proceeded to one of the prizes in the place office and bought it, and he took the money from the book which he threw into the sink, and in the evening met his brother Thomas with whom he proceeded up town to the corner of West and LeRoy streets, where in a lot under a shed, he dug a hole and buried the money which he had taken the precaution to secure in a tin box. After the money was buried, and partially blown over, they dug up the box, and inclosed four of the $1000 bills in an anonymous note to McGregor, Darling & Co. reserving to themselves the balance, which they took to Philadelphia.

There Edwin opened a lottery office at No. 46 S. Third street, his brother Thomas acting as his clerk, until by causing dissatisfied with their profits, they returned to this city bringing with him one of the large notes, which he deposited on his arrival in the office of his banking house. No. 33 Merrin Row. Edwin who had reserved two of them to himself, transmitted one of them by mail, to another brother in this city whose conduct is beyond suspicion, with a representation that he had won it at a horse race, and was sure that he would get it exchanged for him. The note thus enclosed it is stated, led to the charge being made against the man now in custody. The remaining note Edwin deposited in one of the corners of the cellar wall where he kept his office, and shortly afterwards came to this city and put up at the house in Mulder Lane, from the further history of which, and where they were both taken by Homan and Merrit, police officers.

The note was found in the rafters of the house in Mulder Lane as described by Thomas, and the other by Mr Merrit, who returned last evening from Philadelphia, whither he went on Thursday for the purpose of obtaining it, accompanied by Edwin. The sum of seven thousand dollars has been regained in the identical money embezzled, leaving a deficiency of only seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, a third of which may probably yet be realized. The prisoner has been locked away by Edwin, in various extravagances, which the inexperienced and youthful mind is apt to run all lengths. Young men of business habits and a strict watch upon his pressure, will be necessary to remove the stain which a desire to give loose tenyounger brother, by his banking house.—*Courier.*

A Virginia correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:—"The people of this State are anxious for change. Christendom, the Turkish Empire, Cuma, all seem more or less infected with the spirit of revolution. Even the Russians, we believe, are making some insurrection on the anarchy and civil wars which have pervaded South America and Mexico, since they broke their colonial chains.

And the United States of North America—What shall we say of our own beloved country! While all Europe is arming itself, in dread expectation of the events of futurity, we of the least inviolate right place confidence in hostile army, shall we not be at peace! Shall we raise the fratricidal arm! Are we not brothers of one family—children of Washington! Let us hush our family quarrels; let moderation and prudence be our guide and we shall be united and happy. May God protect and preserve us, and avert the judgment we may draw on this last hope of the friends of liberty."

MARRIAGES.

On the 16th, by the Rev. George G. Cookman, Mr James Chew to Miss Ann Lewis, all of this city.

On the 18th, by the same, John Hoey to Ann Peterson, all of this city.

On the 20th, by his Honor the Mayor, Joseph Griffith, M. D. of Kinderton, Pa. to Dorothy Whiteside, of Lancashire, England, and niece of the late Peter Whiteside, of this city.

On the 24th, by the Rev. Manning Force, John P. Walker, of this city, to Hester L. Hazzard, of Lewistown, Del.

On the 24th, by the Rev. John Chambers, Thomas Skeleton to Isabella Russell, both of this city.

On the 26th, by the same, Evans Way to Mary Ann Kirk, all of Delaware co.

DEATHS.

On the 25th, Elizabeth, daughter of William Worrell, aged 15 years.

——aged 40 years, Mary, wife of John Cring.

On the 26th, aged 64 years, Alphonso C. Ireland.

On the 26th, aged 22 years, Sarah M. Clarke.

On the 24th, James Cornish, Esq. aged 69 years.

On the 25th, Catharine Shock, sister of George Shock, aged 63 years.

On the 24th, Rachel, daughter of Samuel H. Norton, aged 3 years.

On the 14th, Charles E. infant son of Enoch Middleton, aged 11 months.

On the 23d, Martha, daughter of Daniel and Eliza Barzel, aged 6 years.

The scissors is at hand to which those occur most frequently; it therefore behoves those who have charge of stores or fire-places to keep a strict watch over that which has been aptly termed 'a good servant—but a bad master.' Nearly every year we have to give an account of fires that have recently occurred in its neighborhood, and in nine cases out of ten these properties, we find that a little precaution would have prevented the series of scarcely imaginable distress. Every house-keeper should incorporate the following with his code of family regulations:—

I. To have the chimnies and stove-pipes regularly and thoroughly cleansed.

II. To examine all the fires in the house before retiring to rest.

III. To situate boal ways placed in a situation where no danger could arise from the burning of the box or barrel that may contain them.

POST OFFICE.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1832.

Eastern	About 12 M.		
Southern	About 12 M.		
Northern	About 12 M.		
Western	About 12 M.		

THE MARKET.

The annexed wholesale price current is carefully corrected every Friday, by Messrs. J. & H. Winner, merchants, No. 201 Market street.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl.		from	to
RYE,	do.		
WHEAT, per bushel			
RYE,	do.		
CORN,	do.		
FLAXSEED,	do.		
TIMOTHY SEED,	do.		
HERD REED,	do.		
BARLEY, Good,	do.		
CLOVERSEED,	do.		
OATS, from wagon,	do.		
WHISKEY, do. per gal.			
do. in bbl.			
COTTON, per lb.			
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs,	per lb.		
RUMP,	do.		
LARD, watters, per lb.			
TALLOW,	do.		
HAMS,	do.		
BACON,	do.		
BEESWAX,	do.		
LINSEED OIL, per gal.			
FEATHERS,	per lb.		
HIDES, Rio Grande and La Plata,	per lb.		
LEATHER, SOLE,	per lb.		
COMMON WOOD,	cleaned, per lb.		

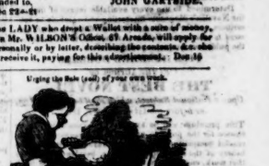
INFORMATION WANTED.

LEFT his Father's residence about eight weeks since, WILLIAM BOYD, aged 17 years, and is supposed to be in this city, or at Mr. Walker's Pottery, on Little Dock, near Powder Falls, 17 miles from Baltimore, on his way, as supposed to Philadelphia. He is about 5 feet 7 inches high, has a fair complexion, and light hair. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by the distressed parents, who are in a suffering condition. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by the subscriber, or by the publisher of this paper, who will forward it. A line addressed to the Post Master at Reisterstown, Md. or to his Father at his Mills, near Reisterstown, will be attended to. JOHN BOYD.

Dec 24—2t

IF the LADY who dropt a Wallet with a sum of money, &c. in Mr. WILSON'S Office, 61 Arcade, will apply for it personally or by letter, describing the contents, &c. she may receive it, paying for this advertisement. Dec 15

Urging the Sale (and, of your own work,



THE CASKET AND GIFT-BOOK FOR 1833.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

THIS Magazine is principally intended to furnish a collection of the most spirited and amusing articles that appear in the Foreign Comic Annuals and Periodicals, and which abound with the most laughable and amusing designs of genuine wit and humor. Many of the articles are original, and expressly prepared for pleasure and amusement with instruction. The several miscellanies will be arranged under the three following heads, viz:

1. Humorous tales, sketches, and adventures, with some of the most highly diverting recitations, Yankee stories, &c. &c.

2. All the popular comic songs, glees, &c. as sung by Rehearsal, Braham Dixon the American Buffo Singer, Rice, Skinner, Hill, and others, with numerous jests, puns and eccentricities, with all the new and old songs of our favorite Vocalists and his friend, the prince of punsters, Billy Black.

3. Will contain selections from "Doings in London," being one of the best collections of valuable and instructing facts ever published. It furnishes in a large octavo volume of upwards of four hundred pages, an astonishing display of the Rise and Progress of the Dandies, Frolicks, Manners and Depravities of great cities; written as the author states, with an aim to show vice and deception in all their real deformity; pointing to the path into the fascinating allurements, the mischievous follies and vicious habits of the profligate, the heedless and debauchee, in order to lead the thoughtless on their guard, and warn youths of the quicksands that beset them.

Among the endless variety of subjects which surprise and interest the reader are, Almack's or the Temple of Fashion; Dandies, Dandyisms in Auction Rooms; Dishonesty of Bakers, Brewers, Milkmen, and others; History of Beggars, their impositions, canny doings, &c.; Doings in Billingsgate, Seven Dials and Bow-street; Frauds of Black Legs; Boxing; Robberies, murders, and other crimes committed in Brothels; Bullies; Jack Ketch; Coffee-houses; House of Commons; Baguio's Female Thieves; Tricks of Crim-Con; Meeting of Creditors; Cut Purse; London Dandies; Doings in a Hell; Dram Drinking; English Prisons; Fleet Prison; Parisian Fairs, Fashions, and Manners; Histore and Humors of Fleet Prison, Fortune Tellers, Hoaxes; Horse Races, Stealing, &c.; Stock Jobbers; Law and Lawyers; Life in the French Prisons; Life in the Spunging House with a description of that celebrated Prison; Night Constables, St. James' Palace; Poisonous Doings of Pastry Cooks; Life in the French Prisons, Infamous Doings of Prostitutes and Procuresses; Sailors, Sharpers; State of Society; Westminster Abbey; Adulterations of Wine, and other Liquors; with an immense variety of other scenes and sketches too numerous to enumerate in a prospectus, but which cannot fail of exciting the most intense interest and proving that truth is stronger than fiction.

The Comic Magazine will be completed in twelve numbers of sixteen pages each, issued monthly or oftener. Each number will contain not less than 12 embellishments, and the whole will form a superb volume of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR spirited, comic and humorous engravings.

Price 12½ cts per number, payable on delivery, or two whole numbers will be forwarded by mail on the receipt of 25. Any individual forwarding more than two orders will be entitled to a commission of twenty per cent. on his remittance. Address E. CLARKE & CO.

Philadelphia.

☞ Publishers of Newspapers will be entitled to a copy by inserting the above advertisement. Dec 15

AGENCY.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER & SPORTING MAGAZINE.—Subscribers to the above work in Philadelphia, are respectfully informed, that MR. E. LITTELL having declined to attend the agency of the above work, they will receive their future numbers through Mr. B. E. FREYMUTH, who is duly authorised to receive subscriptions, and to give receipts for the same.

The work is handsomely printed in monthly numbers, of about 50 pages each, in a large octavo form, and is embellished with handsome engravings—price 25 per annum, payable at the time of subscribing.

A few sets of the three previous volumes are on hand. Price in boards, with linen backs, 25 per vol. with Russia backs, 30 per vol.

Specimens of the work, and of the engravings, may be seen at the following places:—Carey & Hart's Bookstore, S. E. corner of 4th and Chesnut streets; R. S. Ouhert's Engraving Establishment, No. 32 North street, first street north of Market, between 5th and 6th streets; Miller & Osborne's Music Store, 35 north 4th street, and at B. E. Freymuth's, No. 6 Marble Court, between 5th and 6th and Race and Vine streets.

N. B. Gentlemen wishing to communicate with Mr. F. relative to the above work, will meet with prompt attention by addressing him through the Post Office.

Dec 15—4t

FOR SALE

A Lot 100 by 22 feet, No. 43, situate in the village of Jacksonville on the Germantown Road—Price $55. Apply as this office. tf

ROPER'S WINTER GYMNASIUM.

No. 274 Market street, under the patronage of the University of Pennsylvania, is open every morning, from 6 o'clock till 2, and from 3 to 9 o'clock, every evening.

N. B. Private sparring lessons at any hour.

THE PUBLIC'S OBEDIENT SERVANT.

NOTICE is hereby given to the public, that the person who has for a number of years past been in the habit of calling himself "The Public's Obedient Servant," has no right to the use of that name, or any other name, except his own proper name, which is Thomas Cadwalader Jones, and he is the only person who has a right to the use of that name.

Should any person or persons hereafter call themselves "The Public's Obedient Servant," they will be considered impostors, and will be dealt with accordingly.

THOMAS CADWALADER JONES.

Philadelphia, Dec. 3, 1835. dec 5

THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY GIVES NOTICE,

That he has taken the Store No. 8 Exchange, where he intends carrying on the Auction and Commission Business, in all its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of the public patronage.

He has also taken the Store No. 4 Exchange, where he intends carrying on the Wholesale Dry Goods Business, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of the public patronage.

Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1835. dec 5

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having any demands against WILLIAM T. MCILVAIN, of Salem, New Jersey, are hereby notified that they must present the same to the under mentioned Attorney, on or before the 21st day of January next, or be forever barred from a Dividend of his Estate.

JACOB WILLIFORD, } Assig'n.
JAMES PATTERSON, }

Salem, N. Jersey, Dec. 3, 1835. Dec 15

WALDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE subscriber respectfully acknowledges the kindness of his friends for the voluntary proofs of approbation they have so efficiently bestowed on his new work, and takes the earliest opportunity to state that the patronage is already sufficient to return its author thanks.

The activity of the plan, originating entirely with two friends and aided, after the cheap rate at which books were offered, at first sluggish, if not dull—but the numbers of the Library now published fully justify the promises made in the prospectus. The London editions of the works already published, viz: Washington Irving's Columbus, and Vigne's Travels, cost $17.50; in the Circulating Library, they cost eighty cents and a half cents, delivered at the house. Similar Cheap Things in the Country.

As originally proposed this Library will emphatically be select, and the proprietor begs to renew the assurance to heads of families, that they need have no reluctance in introducing it into their fireside circle. In the selection of Novels, the editor will seek chiefly for those of historical interest, but will not overlook any other species of reading matter entirely unobjectionable, the object will be to furnish, cheap as he can go through the whole department of polite literature.

Subscription $5 for 26 numbers, received by R. & S. G. Waldie, Pearl Street, old Publishers, 261 Pearl street, New York, for the State of New York and the United States, for all other parts of the Union by

ADAM WALDIE,
Dec 12—3t Carpenter street, Philad.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

A Literary retreat which has for some time had it in contemplation to establish a Circulating Library, but which, in consequence of the difficulty in relinquishing the project, still vacillated in the matter, has now, so far as it is a good thing, resolved to be definitely adopted in the premises. It consists of between seven and eight hundred volumes of the best modern British Novels, Travels, Histories, Essays, Poetry, Biography, &c. including a number of old and valuable books, now out of print. The books are thoroughly read. The worst are sold for a trifle, and the best are carefully preserved. The terms are moderate, being about one fourth the London charges. This is a good opportunity for establishing a Circulating Library, as the books are all new, and would also be found useful for families in the country. Catalogues may be had gratis, at the Office of the Saturday Bulletin, Philadelphia, where the Books may be examined. [and can be sent to any part of the U. S.

BANK NOTE PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Saturday Bulletin, by CARSTAIRS ALEXANDER & GOSLING, Exchange Brokers, No. 4 Exchange.

Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1835.

The following are the prices at which Bank Notes are generally bought and sold by Brokers in this city, but they are frequently subject to variation, according to the fluctuations in the money market.

Banks in Whom Issued	Par	Buying	Selling
PENNSYLVANIA.			
Bank of Pittsburgh and Branches	Par	1	1
Bank of Gettysburg	Par	1	1
Bank of Middletown	Par	1	1
DELAWARE.			
Bank of Delaware	Par	1	1
Farmers' Bank	Par	1	1
NEW JERSEY.			
Bank of Camden and Branches	Par	1	1
Bank of Burlington	Par	1	1
Bank of Mount Holly	Par	1	1
Farmers' Bank of Salem	Par	1	1
Cumberland Bank	Par	1	1
NEW YORK.			
New York City	Par	1	1
Mechanics' Banking Co.	Par	1	1
Manhattan Co.	Par	1	1
Mechanics' and Traders' Bank	Par	1	1
Merchants' Exchange Bank	Par	1	1
Bank of America	Par	1	1
Bank of the State of New York	Par	1	1
Bank of New York	Par	1	1
Bank of Commerce	Par	1	1
Bank of North America	Par	1	1
Bank of Albany	Par	1	1
Bank of Troy	Par	1	1
Bank of Utica	Par	1	1
Bank of Rochester	Par	1	1
Bank of Buffalo	Par	1	1
Bank of Lockport	Par	1	1
Bank of Niagara	Par	1	1
Bank of Ogdensburgh	Par	1	1
Bank of Canandaigua	Par	1	1
Bank of Chenango	Par	1	1
Bank of Oswego	Par	1	1
Bank of Auburn	Par	1	1
Bank of Geneva	Par	1	1
Bank of Hudson	Par	1	1
Bank of Ithaca	Par	1	1
Bank of Salina	Par	1	1
Bank of Onondaga	Par	1	1
Bank of Seneca County	Par	1	1
Bank of Orleans	Par	1	1
Bank of Chautauque	Par	1	1
Bank of Cayuga	Par	1	1
Bank of Steuben	Par	1	1
Bank of Chemung	Par	1	1
Bank of Tioga	Par	1	1
Bank of Wayne	Par	1	1
Bank of Monroe	Par	1	1
Bank of Genesee	Par	1	1
Bank of Canada	Par	1	1
Bank of Niagara	Par	1	1
Bank of Gainsborough	Par	1	1
Bank of Long Island	Par	1	1
Bank of Sag Harbor	Par	1	1
Bank of Suffolk	Par	1	1
Bank of Orange County	Par	1	1
Bank of Rockland	Par	1	1
Bank of Westchester	Par	1	1
Bank of Ontario